

# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTESS SPENCER.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## Imperial Brotherhood

WHEN King George was Prince of Wales he crystallised many a vague aspiration of the moment into a brief phrase, and he never spoke more successfully in this sense than in his speech at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The whole spirit of his address is concentrated in his description of the nations of the Commonwealth helping one another like a band of brothers. It is an expression that touches more than the great Exhibition to which it was addressed. It would be affectation to disguise the fact that there have been many efforts of late to stir up enmity between this band of brother nations. At the same time, it is easily possible to exaggerate the effect of this kind of intrigue. A great nation, the greatest that the world has ever known, cannot be run without a certain amount of friction, and the history of the British Empire shows that it has had a full share of that kind of thing. In vain did enemies rage, however. The alliance was too close for anyone to break, and up to now the Empire, instead of showing any signs of falling to pieces, has kept growing. We are reminded of the rate of growth in that newly published and excellent book, "The British Empire." In 1841 the extent of the Empire was 8½ million square miles, and this had grown to 11 millions in 1901, and to nearly 14 millions in 1921. This proves the British Empire to be easily and far away larger than any empire

of the past. On its territories there is a population of 450 millions. This puts all the records of the past into the background; nothing like it was ever before seen in the history of the world. The Empire has been held together, in the first place, because it was made the interest of every integral part to remain in it, and, secondly, because in the central government there was a lively appreciation of the greatness of this commonwealth and a corresponding feeling of responsibility for its wise government. In all that is disclosed a spirit alien to the ancient idea of empire, which was to conquer territory in order to collect riches from it. It has been shown that the great captains of war who built up the empires of the past waged their hostility always against those countries which were rich, and could, therefore, enrich their conqueror. The poor grazing lands were left severely alone; but wherever gold or precious stones or any other treasures were found, there the world conquerors tried to establish themselves.

The greatness of the British Empire was due to a very different cause. After the American War of Secession it dawned on the minds of the English statesmen of the time that there was a better way to treat territory than to drain it of its wealth: this was to deal with it as a brother nation and not as a ruthless tyrant. The brotherhood took the very excellent form of co-operation. England practically said to her colonies in those days: "What useful goods can you grow, excavate or plant for us, and what manufactured goods can we send you in return?" This, of course, was to ensure that the benefit did not go all to one party, but was equally shared. The prosperity of the British Colonies was a cause of the utmost satisfaction to the people of Great Britain and their leaders. It was a policy in inter-world relations, and it has proved its success, because the Empire has spread and grown in a way that has no parallel in antiquity. This points to what should be the policy of the future.

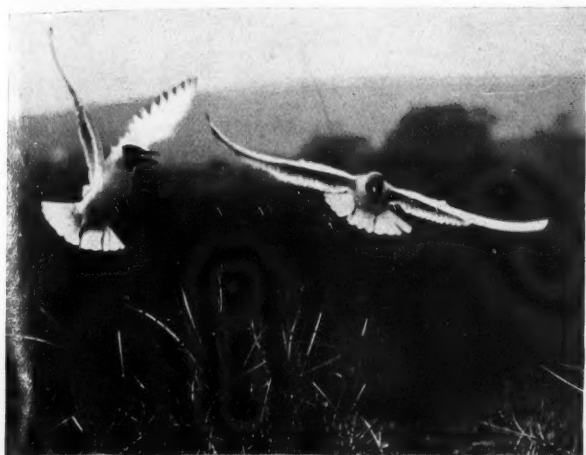
There are and always have been in various parts of the King's dominions short-sighted people who have worked and agitated in order that they might forfeit their great advantages to obtain others that were theoretic and illusory. At the present time the most formidable of the troubles of this kind with which we have to deal are those arising in India. They are not new, but due in a great measure to a revival of the spirit of rebellion which broke out after the Crimean War, when certain of the turbulent leaders thought—wrongly, as it turned out for them—that Great Britain had been weakened and was now vulnerable. There is no doubt that in his preparations for the Great War the ex-Emperor of Germany calculated that the time had come to stir up sedition in the far-distant dominions. He tried to do it in India, Africa and Australia, and failed ignominiously; yet there is much of a warning character in what he failed to accomplish. To his intrigues the present discontent in India can, to some extent at least, be traced. The King's use of the word "brotherhood," however, supplies the antidote to this poison. Great Britain must hold her own. It would be a betrayal of her birthright to do anything else; but, at the same time, she must, and she will, act in regard to India as she does in regard to the other parts of the Empire, and that is, help the subjects there to attain to greater happiness and prosperity. India, in short, must be treated as one of the Imperial brotherhood. Even the malcontents know that our policy in the past has been to help and to educate, to establish justice and goodwill, and to improve the sanitary and other conditions which have led to so much plague and famine in the past.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Countess Spencer, who is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and whose marriage to the 7th Earl Spencer took place in 1919.

It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**M**R. PHILIP SNOWDEN began his Budget speech on Tuesday night with the observation that he was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer in this generation without previous Ministerial office, and, after more in the same vein, he went on to give a glowing account of the surplus and the revenue returns for the year. It proved to be a rather "window-dressing" Budget. The Chancellor professed his loyalty to the ideal of a free breakfast table, and his most important step in that direction was to take fourpence off the tea duty and three-halfpence off the sugar duty. He was also lenient to soda water, although that does not come into the range of breakfast diet. Probably the most controversial point will be found in his treatment of the McKenna duties. They are to continue until the 1st of August, but after that to be allowed to expire. This is certain to lead to a keen discussion in the House of Commons. These duties have been most beneficial to a considerable number of industries, and the working man has come to recognise the fact. Hence there is sure to be strong opposition to the course proposed. Some satisfaction will be felt at the removal of the Corporation Tax. It was never regarded as other than an uncalled-for burden upon industry, and business people will be glad to get rid of it. Mr. Snowden did not propose any interference with the Income Tax. As we understand him, both Income Tax and Super Tax are to remain where they are. On those who pay them the burden of the country is cast. On the whole, however, the Budget will be welcomed.

**M**ANCHESTER, one of the most enterprising and enlightened of provincial towns, has formed itself into a huge sanctuary for birds. Our feathered friends are to have a close time every day in the year, if they remain within the boundaries, and the shooters will shoot and the trappers snare them within the boundaries of the city at their peril. London, with characteristic good feeling and neglect of formality, has long been a voluntary bird sanctuary by force only of goodwill. Pigeons wild and tame have established for themselves a place of refuge at St. Paul's, in the Temple Gardens and even in Rotten Row. There is not a park, hardly a garden, in which birds are not welcome. Yet London's establishment of small sanctuaries will be as necessary in Manchester, as there are no inviolate retreats in which the birds can build their nests and rear their young without disturbance. The boldest and most companionable among birds insists upon privacy while he is building a home, courting a mate and rearing and educating a family. One can almost fancy an old cock fleeing the time away by recalling to his offspring the old unhappy past when man, now his companion, did not hesitate to shoot and even eat the little songsters of the grove. Is there any need to tell how they will shudder at this dark page in history and then burst into songs of praise and thankfulness for the coming of the new era?

**N**OTHING struck and interested the gathering at the Mansion House more than the Lord Mayor's statement about the extraordinary interest that has been aroused in the attempt to secure more tidiness and less litter in our open spaces. He said: "I have had more letters, telegrams and telephone calls with regard to the meeting than about any other since I have been here." Such a statement is not the less valuable and timely because it endorses the opinion held from Land's End to John o' Groat's that the country is sick of the untidiness and squalor left behind by the tourist and cheap tripper. It makes very little difference whether the place visited is private property to which access is a privilege or land dedicated to the country at large, litter and confusion follow the footsteps of the crowd. The decent minority hate such desecration. Hence their appeals to the Lord Mayor. Of recent years the intelligent section of the public has learned to find far more in the open spaces than they used to. They recognise that increased means of transport must inevitably bring mixed congregations to the more charming and secluded resorts. They recognise that what these crowds require most of all are precept and example. At present they lack the sense of responsibility as well as that of order. The latter can be secured by ceaseless reminders on the part of Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and other propagandists who would be at the disposal of the society now in course of formation. Those who attended the meeting at the Mansion House may safely recognise that they have laid the foundation of a movement which is bound to succeed in its aim and also to raise the standard of manners and intelligence of that portion of the sight-seeing world in which these elements are at present lacking.

### MAGIC.

Rain and bleak wind and savage squalls of hail;  
Drowned meadows; blossom born without avail;  
Mute birds; trees livid to an ominous sky;  
In all the spring not one thing warm or dry!  
Strange, strange that any morning harsh as this  
Can turn to sudden sun, to singing bliss,  
Because a man, whose life no man may know,  
Somewhere, alone, three hundred years ago,  
Took up his pen on such another day,  
And wrote, "Rough winds . . . the darling buds of May."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**A** NEW departure that will give pleasure to ornithologists has been made by the White Star liner *Homeric*, which is using oil for the first time during the voyage on which it started on Wednesday. In order that no oil may be discharged to foul the sea and destroy bird life, it is using a patent separator, and this appears to be in reality the best preventive against oil refuse. It was proved that prohibition within the three miles limit is of little use, because oil discharged outside the boundary can speedily travel inside it, and, besides, the Board of Trade has pointed out the difficulty of securing evidence on which an action could be based. It would appear, therefore, that those interested in protecting birds from the effects of oil at sea should concentrate on the point that the provision of separating appliances on vessels should be made compulsory, thus getting rid of the temptation to discharge the refuse in any circumstances.

**T**HE Land Union Council has met and resolved that "until the future of British agriculture is dealt with as a whole, it is useless to proceed with the Agricultural Wages Bill, which could only result in calling upon farmers to pay an uneconomic wage, so causing unemployment among agricultural workers." Here is a logical verdict passed upon the proposal; yet, though absolutely right as far as it goes, it has the demerit of not suggesting any alternative. It is a common experience that it is difficult to find younger men willing to follow the plough. They are looking abroad for more lucrative occupations and deserting the land. The Land Union ought to have fixed on the weakness of the proposal, which is, that it demands the payment of a higher rate of wages and does not show any method of increasing the profits out of which wages

are paid. A suggestion of that kind would have been welcomed from the Land Union and given form to an otherwise arid resolution. The phrase "until the future of British agriculture is dealt with as a whole" appears to suggest that the industry can be made prosperous by legislation. Something more definite than that should be forthcoming from the Land Union.

ONE of the pleasantest and friendliest golfing competitions of the year is that by foursomes between the London clubs for the Bath Club's Cup. The weather this time at Woking was extraordinarily unkind, but, even so, the players enjoyed themselves as much as was humanly possible for men whose boots felt like boats, while streams of icy water ran down their necks. The Conservative Club, represented by Mr. Tolley and Mr. Evan Campbell, were generally expected to win, but they fell before Mr. Wethered and Lord Charles Hope of Buck's, who were in turn beaten by the Bath Club. Ultimately the R.A.C. won for the second year in succession, and entirely deserved to do so. Their victory was chiefly due to the quite admirable play of Mr. Sidney Fry, who, at the age of fifty-five, is playing just about as well as ever he did in his life, and seemed rather to enjoy the rain than otherwise. Mr. Fry still has all the virtues of the foursome player in the highest degree—steadiness, serenity, determination and unfailingly good judgment of when to dare greatly and when to go cannily. It was a liberal education in game playing to watch him.

THERE was one stroke played in the final of this competition so remarkable as to deserve a note all to itself. At the home hole in the first round Mr. Fry's ball lay some dozen or so yards beyond the hole, and in an exactly straight line between ball and hole was a small but obdurate bush familiar to all who know the Woking course. The adversaries lay stone dead at the hole side; there was nothing for it but to hole the shot for a half, and there stood the bush making the thing apparently impossible. That word, however, is not in Mr. Sidney Fry's vocabulary. He detected a space some six inches wide in the heart of the bush and pitched the ball clean through it. The ball fell on the green, ran towards the hole, hovered on the brink and then, unwilling to defeat so miraculous a stroke, fell in. If Mr. Fry were to stand behind that bush for several hours a day and try to do it again, he would probably be considerably more than fifty-five before he succeeded; but the fact remains that he did it and clearly intended to do it. Anybody else would have said, as Hubert did of Locksley's mark in "Ivanhoe," that he might as well shoot at a twinkling sunbeam, and so have given it up in despair. Apart from the wizardry of the stroke, it was an object-lesson in the virtues of never giving up hope.

IN the golfing article of April 12th some comment was made on the apparent dearth of good boy golfers, both at the Surrey meeting and generally, and it was said that Hoylake, which once produced so many fine young players, appeared to have ceased to breed them. A well known and patriotic Hoylake golfer writes in mild remonstrance to say that, whatever the immediately present state of things, there is a large number of little boys now growing up on the famous course who will some day be a power in the land. The course is crowded with schoolboys in the holidays, and last September our correspondent marked the card of an embryo champion in the Boys' Competition. This young gentleman, the son of a fine golfer, was but eleven years old, but he holed twelve holes in fifty-nine strokes in a strong wind. Because of his tender years he was not allowed to play more than these twelve. This is good news, and these young players are encouraged by the Royal Liverpool Golf Club allowing sons and relations of members under eighteen to play on the course for ten shillings a year. Here is a good example which other clubs might follow. There is no surer way of giving boys pleasant holidays and turning them into good golfers.

AT Wembley on Saturday the clans from the Midlands and the North gathered in immense numbers to see the great match between Newcastle United and Aston Villa.

It is estimated that more than 100,000 spectators assembled, and, undoubtedly, they received value for their money. The circumstances were calculated to test the endurance of the men, as the ground was sloppy from recent bad weather and the wind became a whirling one when the second half came to be played. However, no difficulty was sufficiently formidable to quell the energy of the Novocastrians. They played with the greatest determination from opening to finish, and in the second half, when the weather was at its most boisterous point, seemed just as fresh as they had been at the beginning. It was the last ten minutes that did the trick, that and the excellent goal-keeping by Bradley, who was put on because Mutch was unfit. A great part of the glory of the victory was due to Bradley. The two goals were splendid examples of football, and the *Times* correspondent is probably right when he says that if they had been played spectacularly for the cinema, they could not have done better.

SIR WILLIAM FORWOOD'S plea for the pleasure of owning and navigating a small yacht suggests the very best recreation for a business man in these times of ceaseless activity and worry. What he needs for amusement is something to take him away from his usual surroundings, supply him with a fresh atmosphere and cause him to magnify into importance such trivial incidents as those of a cruise. A little yacht is an ideal provider of this change and these pleasures. It will carry him from port to port, from river's mouth to river's mouth, all along the coast. It will take him about, say, the Norfolk Broads, and show him the life and beauty of the birds and other creatures that inhabit them. On board the small vessel of which he is captain he is cut off from all the care and worry of his usual business and placed in a kingdom of his own, with small duties and small pleasures magnified to an importance that was unimaginable as long as he was tied to his office chair and forced to give his mind to the solution of innumerable problems that confront the hard-working business man of to-day.

#### SPRING.

Hark to the bird's voice chirping, glad in the heart of Nature;  
See where the twinkling waters gaily run;  
Hear how the Earth is stirring with the first voice of the living,  
See how the Earth is brightening with the Sun.  
This morn was white with frost, but the heavens above were  
azure:  
The ground was hard, but all was awake with hope.  
Misty the morning air, but it added a charm to the country  
And hid the vales in a dusky haze from the slope.  
The supple pines are swaying, the woods are a-rustle with vigour  
And the grey clouds of the winter roll away.  
The herds are lowing their gladness, and all is a happy madness—  
Think not upon to-morrow but to-day.

J. ANGOLD.

IN the May instalment of his "Adventures in Printing House Square" Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin traces the temporary downcome of the *Times* to the "Pigott Letters" and the costs of the Parnell Commission. Moberly Bell calculated that the expense to the newspaper must have amounted to a quarter of a million, and, as previously, owing to the private proprietorship arrangements, much of the reserve had been used up; as Mr. Harcourt Kitchin says: "This financial blizzard of the Parnell Commission fell upon the almost naked body of a newspaper which had been stripped of its warm clothing of a reserve fund." Probably no other paper except the *Times* could have weathered the storm; but, after many years of vicissitude, we are all glad to witness the revival of its fortunes and to see it once more the great paper which it used to be. A contributing cause of its difficulties was its support of Mr. Gladstone's Government in its policy of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. This led the English country parsons to desert the *Times* in droves. "The figures," says Mr. Kitchin, "show a big drop, then some recovery, then a settling down at a level substantially below the sales of 1868." He considers the ultimate recovery due to Mr. Moberly Bell.



## THE PAST POINT-TO-POINT SEASON

WHILE it is not necessary to write "failure" as the record of the past point-to-point season, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that the scourge of the foot-and-mouth disease which has so seriously handicapped hunting—particularly in the Midlands, Cheshire and at one time very severely in Yorkshire—has had its effect upon many of these sporting gatherings at which we are accustomed to see some of the best of this class of horse running.

The Melton Hunt meeting, for instance, had to be abandoned owing to the restrictions placed upon moving horses out of infected areas; the Pytchley, which suffered as badly as the Quorn and the Fernie, had to give up all hope of holding their meeting, and there were many others which shared the same fate. On the other hand, however, a large proportion of the regular meetings, such as the Army Point-to-Point, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, the 'Varsity "Grinds," the Gunners' meeting, numerous regimental meetings, including the Green Jackets', the Household Brigade meeting, which latter, by the way, is not exactly of the point-to-point order, and meetings in hunting countries which were outside the infected areas, have taken place and, as usual, have been big sporting and social successes. While steeplechasing—and the earliest 'chases were real point-to-points—had its origin in hunting and is to-day just as dependent

upon the hunting field for some of its best recruits, hunting is not directly dependent upon steeplechasing. The translation of the hunter into the steeplechase horse has, as we know, been a success in many cases—Sunloch, Serjeant Murphy and Master Robert may be said to furnish three leading instances—but I opine that most hunting men will not favour the converse process, for as a general rule a horse that has been raced even in point-to-points is apt to learn to pull harder than is pleasant, and it has before now quite destroyed his manners as a hunter. However, be this as it may, the point-to-point meeting at which friend pits himself and his best hunter against friend on his best hunter is a very old and a very exhilarating amusement, with all the thrill of real racing and few of the features which in some opinions are objectionable. The point-to-point still preserves in itself the spirit of the early days when the prize was not infrequently nothing more valuable than a pipe of port or a hoghead of claret. They were not out for plunder in those old contests, and though to-day there is always a little mild wagering, the bets are not the main *desiderata*, and the chief incentive is the desire to find out if A is as good a jockey as B, or if C is a better horse in a fast thing than D. It is the family party spirit which, to my mind, makes the average point-to-point the pleasant function that it is.



A LADIES' RACE.



A GOOD STARTER IS NECESSARY.

As far as I can trace, the very first point-to-point, or steeplechase, ever run was in 1752, when the line was from Butterant Church to St. Leger Church—hence the name given to this form of exercise—steeplechasing; but there is an authentic record in Leicestershire of a real point-to-point which took place in 1792, the line being from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow and back! The total distance was eight miles, the kind of point which hounds make, and the winner of this race was Mr. Charles Meynell, Lord Forester finishing second and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, third. Mr. Hugo Meynell, the celebrity in hunting history, who took over Mr. Boothby's hounds and started what are to-day, but which were not then, known as the Quorn, was also among the competitors.

It will, no doubt, be noted that all these four contestants in this first real point-to-point have made history in the hunting world. It will also be realised by those who have ever had the felicity to ride over Leicestershire on the right kind of horse—the kind that relieves you of all anxiety and which you feel cannot make a mistake come what may: timber, staring blackthorn,

stake-and-bound or yawning bottom—that the country embraced between the two churches is some of the best in all that region. Many other notable contests were decided over it round and about the same time, notably one in which Captain Horatio Ross beat Captain Douglas on his famous hunter Climber. The name is not appropriate to a Leicestershire horse, for the fences have to be flown, not climbed over. In 1792 there was another interesting match over the same line, which ended in a victory for Mr. Loraine Hardy's hunter, which was ridden by his valet, over the Hon. Henry Willoughby's horse, whose whipper-in rode him. Mr. Willoughby was afterwards Lord Middleton. Although these early contests were, as are point-to-points of to-day, of an entirely sporting nature, they were obviously governed by some sort of code, for one reads that the ruling authorities in Ireland had to investigate the circumstances regarding a steeplechase (a point-to-point from steeple to steeple) which took place at Ballyshannon in March, 1793. The stewards had to combat the ingenious arguments brought forward to substantiate the



AN UPHILL FENCE.



May 3rd, 1924.

# COUNTRY LIFE.

winner's claims as to the genuine nature of his credentials. There were only four starters in this race at Ballyshannon, and the conditions were that the competitors must jump a six-foot wall, which was one of the obstacles in the "line." Only one horse succeeded in doing this, and this was the way in which he did it. His jockey, a boy with (obviously) ideas, dismounted when he came to this appalling fortification, which, by the way, was solid masonry, climbed over, and then persuaded his horse to leap over it. How he did it I do not pretend to know, for the feat seems almost superhuman, unless his horse would come to his whistle or his voice. The resourceful boy won this race. The other competitors promptly objected. The owner, however, who was a sea-lawyer of very high attainments, was ready for them. He pointed out that the handicap was that his horse was to carry a "feather" weight, and that the saddle he had on weighed more than a "feather" and therefore he had complied with the conditions. It is unfortunate that the stewards' ruling is not extant—at least I have never heard of what it was. The incident is, nevertheless, quite as authentic as any good story from Ireland ever is!

In 1812, another memorable point-to-point took place at Derby over a natural country—four miles with forty-three fences—and the time was given as 14½ mins. The Grand National is run in only about four or five minutes less over only thirty fences. In December, 1818, there is said to have been run in the same district a match over twenty-three miles, and only one rider finished, a Mr. Arnold, who must have had something peculiarly stout between his knees. It may be of interest to those who keep up the old tradition of point-to-point racing, and who keep it up so well to-day, to scan some of these old records of what was done a century and more ago when steeple-chasing was actually what its name suggests. Most of the horses then, as is the case now, were what is called "privately"

trained, good hunters mostly, conditioned by being ridden close up to the sterns of hounds by their intrepid owners, and it is satisfactory to reflect that for the greater part the same system obtains to-day. In those old times such a thing as a race over fences in which ladies took part would have caused grandmamma and great-grandmamma to faint with appropriate decency on the nearest sofa; yet, to-day, ladies' races at Hunt point-to-points are by no means uncommon. In some excellent pictures by Mr. Lionel Edwards, published in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE, the artist has depicted one of these contests in the South and West Wilts country, parts of which are enclosed by the kind of bank with which those who have ever attempted to cross the Blackmore Vale domain are familiar. Even the "distressful country" has nothing much more formidable to show. In Yorkshire, in the Tedworth country, and up in the North and in Scotland the lady performer is by no means unknown; but I believe that to Calcutta belongs the credit of the oldest established ladies' steeplechase, for in 1893 the late Lord William Beresford, who was then Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy of India, established a Ladies' Cup, the first of its kind in the whole world, as is claimed by the contemporary historian.

I happened to have been in India myself at the time, and I believe this claim to be quite authentic. It was won by the late Mrs. Barrow on a little thoroughbred Australian named Flatcatcher, who got home, after an adventurous journey, by ten lengths. Nowadays, however, races for ladies at Hunt meetings are becoming rather the rule than the exception, and whether we approve or do not approve of this invasion of yet another sphere of action supposed to be reserved to the coarser sex, it is one which I do not suppose we shall be able to repel. It has, at any rate, been one of the outstanding features of the point-to-point season, 1924.

HARBOROUGH.



DOWNHILL TO THE RAILS.

## THE FARMER'S FRIEND

**W**E are very glad that Sir Herbert Maxwell has made a vigorous and warm-hearted appeal on behalf of the lapwing. It has certainly been impressed on the minds of many observers recently that this bird is becoming less numerous than he used to be. Curiously enough, the fact is more frequently observed in his distant and wild haunts than it is close to London. Indeed, he does not altogether remain outside the capital. At any rate, places such as Hackney Marshes are very close to the capital, and wherever cereals are grown the lapwing makes his simple nest and rises screaming with rage when any human or canine intruder appears in the neighbourhood. It is a most companionable bird, though in the breeding season its hostility falls very little short of open warfare. The lapwing is, by universal consent, a friend to the farmer. Dr. Collinge says that "it would be impossible to overestimate its value to agriculture." After examining the crops of sixty-nine specimens, he found that, of the total consumed, 89 per cent is animal food and 11 per cent. vegetable food. Of the former, injurious insects form 60 per cent., neutral insects 4 per cent., slugs and snails 10 per cent., earthworms 10 per cent., and miscellaneous animal matter of a neutral nature 5 per cent. The conclusion of the whole matter is that 70 per cent. of the food is of a beneficial nature and 30 per cent. neutral. Particular notice should be taken of the fact that slugs and snails form 10 per cent. of its food. One has always regretted that by a dispensation of nature there do not seem to be many birds except ducks that seriously attack slugs and snails, the most destructive and numerous of pests with which the farmer has to contend on certain land.

It is, therefore, demonstrated that the lap-



DANCING IN THE AIR.

as that of the curlew, and the odd turns and quick pounces in his flight are a source of endless pleasure to one who loves walking on the bare moorland where the sky and its clouds are high up and the prospect boundless.

It must be conceded that man treats the farmer's friend and the nature-lover's companion scurvily. His admiration takes the form of collecting the eggs of the bird in spring and adding insult to injury by sending them to table in mossy nests such as curlew never knew. Much would we like to say bitter things about the green plover's egg, but that cannot be. It is a dainty for sure, and one not to be despised. However, it is pretty certain that the generations of lapwings do not suffer from eggs taken early in the season. Many of these eggs would not be hatched, at any rate, and the amatorial birds are quite happy in replacing those that have been stolen, provided that the sinner does not do it again. No excuse, however, can be brought forward for eating the unhappy plover, and, though we may possibly be mistaken, the impression is strong that more birds have been killed and sent to the poulterer's shop during the last few years than used to be the case. The lapwing deserves that, at any rate, his life should be spared. Like many other exquisite and beautiful creatures, he is much nicer to look at than to eat; but even if this were not the case, his service to the community would thoroughly entitle him to the privileges of sanctuary.

In an article on "The Balance of Birds" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, Mr. E. M. Nicholson gives a little known but good reason for the bird's loss in numbers: "Shooting of adults in winter and the systematic robbery of its eggs have probably proved far less a drain than the practice of rolling fields at laying-time which, as Sir W. Beach Thomas points out, is destructive to the species. The insertion of a 'special proviso for the protection of the peewit and its eggs in the Wild Birds' Protection Bill' will probably be as little helpful to the diminishing species



THE GUARDIAN OF THE HOME.

wing is a good friend to the farmer, and it scarcely needs stating that he is a very dear object to lovers of nature and of the country. He has so many different points of interest. His glossy clothes of black and white, a crest that, according to Lord Tennyson, he gets new every spring, and an air of distinction prove him to be "quite the gentleman." Tennyson wrote nonsense about getting a new crest in the springtime, as it would be very odd to find him moulting his feathers at that period of the year, but what would a poet be without a licence? The cry of the bird, which North Country children interpret as:

Peewee, Peewee,  
Harried my nest and garred  
me greet,

is as natural to the countryside



THE LAPWING'S SIMPLE NEST.



than the remainder of those Acts. The tragedy of it is that the rolling has to take place to combat wireworms, and as the bird lives on such pests, it would do the work itself if allowed a hold on life."

In a letter to the *Times* Mr. N. Teulon Porter makes a very clear case for permitting the taking of lapwings' eggs early in the year. The first clutches, he says, up to April 15th, are produced before there is any cover to hide them, and to this year these words are especially applicable, because the corn and grass were both very backward up to the middle of the month. Now, if the clutches are taken before incubation starts, the hen is more likely to set about producing a later brood when the cover is higher. A lapwing's nest on soil that is practically bare is open to many enemies. Gulls, among birds, are the greatest depredators; but nearly all the wild creatures of the field, particularly the hedgehog, the rat, the weasel, the mouse and the stoat, are all partial to eggs and have no difficulty in



AN EASY TIME BY THE WATER.

finding them. It really makes for the increase of the species if the first eggs are taken.

## W. H. HUDSON

By H. J. MASSINGHAM.

**D**URING the last eighteen months Hudson's fame has passed from being a flower secretly cherished by the few to a landscape over whose expanse thousands come to gaze. This can be seen better by detraction than by a collected edition of his works. There have recently appeared two full-dress articles on Hudson, one subacid and contemptuous, the other merely impudent. The responsibility is upon those who have praised him not wisely but too well. For what essential harm shall we do to his enduring spirit by admitting its limitations, its failings and its fantasies? Shall we obscure the beauty and significance of his genius by pointing out his idiosyncracies as a human being?

In some respects I, who can find no comfort in paragons, would cheerfully lead the blind into the ditch where so many queer things grow. Hudson was always remote from the affairs of men, and his judgments of them had very little value, not in the least because he was crotchety and a thinker of narrow range, but because he never devoted to them the full powers of his mind. He had, for instance, the oddest love of extremely dull verse (to this day I do not know what to do with all the volumes of "Owen Meredith" he sent me in parcel after parcel). I do not think he was ever more closely aware of newspaper topics, from politics to murders, than he was of the incredibly dingy, commonplace and even pretentious rooms he lived in at 40, St. Luke's Road, Notting Hill. There was nothing in that house which neglected to deride the spirit of Hudson, except stuffed birds, which should have been there to set a seal upon the whole rather than the incongruous books. Hudson was as oblivious of these walls as a pair of lovers of the pavements they walk. He looked through them; he lived in another world. There seems to me to be no more reality in the recent analyses of what Hudson lacked than there would be in a criticism of Keats for knowing nothing of insecticides. If there was one thing he hated with the flames of an Isaiah it was the plumage trade. As an actual combatant and strategist in the arena he would have been of less practical use than an average journalist. He lived an intensely concrete and sensuous life in the spirit, a drifting one with half-closed eyes through actuality.

But when the critics of Hudson, applying the foot-rule of this same actuality, go on to deny him genius, they are delivering a view of precisely the same value as Hudson's own upon Reparations. They define genius: genius, they say, is like this, and Hudson had not got it. I do not pretend to define genius any more than God or loyalty, since genius is recognised and apprehended through the unconscious mind, through the third or pineal eye we all possess, even though it be atrophied. The intellect can only examine the quality of genius; to discern its divine apparition is beyond its province. In the whole of my life I have only met four men and one woman who had a grown genius, though I have known others who had either embryos or fragments of it, like cuttings from the holy thorn of Glastonbury. Of these Hudson was one, and if there be any other man who knew Hudson in the flesh—which was not far away from knowing him in the spirit—and did not tingle with the shock of it, then he was sleep-walking.

Hudson, with his spare figure, great height, eagle-like face and air of rather formidable distinction, looked exactly like a nobleman, not the nobleman of real life, the kind of person you see in the House of Lords, but the nobleman of novels and romantic poetry. But this impression has nothing to do with that of his genius, nor was it revealed in his talk or his mannerisms or his opinions. It simply shone out of him, as it shines, more flickering and wayward, out of the body of his work. If you went to see Hudson as an American buckets off to see Shanklin Chine, you were bound to come away murmuring, "Why on earth did I ever leave Jacksonville, Ohio?" You got no Great Thoughts out of him, no album memories, nor crumbs of aphorism to carry off in a paper bag. Hudson was a very shy man, as shy as a harvest mouse, in the sense of the withholding and withdrawing of most sensitive natures. He was not going to fall on your neck because you were a bird-lover. There was a temperamental thorn hedge that frustrated the warrior with a note-book from breaking into the sanctuary. He was never what you might call a clubbable man, and even for his friends with like sympathies he had his barriers. But were they so very high? He was always on the side of the young and the unfortunate, he loved gossiping by the hour, he was interested in all manner of people, most especially if they lived close to nature, and he was himself always so human, aloof, but human to the bone. Uncivilised, certainly, and I am not sure that his reputation as a kind of Rusticus, an alarming being wrapped up from intercourse in his cloak of reserve, and cantankerous to boot, did not arise from the inevitable misinterpretation of a primitive by the civilised. That and his utter personal freedom from the bias of class, social, titled or mundane distinctions of any kind. He was not impressed by the personage, and so the personage very naturally came away with his—and particularly her—idea of an inhuman oddity. And there all the time, surrounding him like a nimbus, emanating from him like the smell of cloves in some oranges, unobtrusive, but poignant, a presence throwing out its radio-active force, the one thing about him of which you were intuitively sure was something that was not a faculty, nor was it personality, nor an energy of the mind, nor an elasticity of feeling, nor was it these things combined in one. It was simply genius that illuminated them all, but was not of them any more than he himself was a man of the common world.

When I read Mr. Morley Roberts' biographical portrait of Hudson, it interested me to see how completely baffled and finally bewildered the author emerged from his intensive study. It was almost as though Hudson knew that his old friend would one day try to get him into print and had slyly led him such a dance through brake and fen and impassable thicket that the brilliant writer, much more brilliant than Hudson, was, to put it flatly, stumped. Part of the trouble was, I think, not that Mr. Roberts did not know Hudson, but that he did not know nature. To say that Hudson gave himself heart and soul to nature is only the edge of the truth! I sometimes used to think that the only essential difference between Hudson and a tree or a hare or a wood wren was not that they were an unconscious and he a conscious part of her, but that he expressed them all

and they only themselves. The human mind loves to embody nature in various forms, now as Pan, now as a nymph, now as a universal mother-goddess, now as Rima in "Green Mansions." One might suggest a further impersonation, Hudson himself. I know of no other man who has ever written a line of which I would say that, with the possible exception of John Clare. If one thinks of Wordsworth and Ruskin, one thinks, too, of Hudson's failure to appreciate them, because nature in them "has no sound, no smell, no feel." Hudson did not give himself to Nature out of deliberation, nor because his earlier years were lived in her wildest company, but because he had to. He was her voice, not her philosopher like Wordsworth, nor her analyst like Darwin. And this, I feel, not only explains why Hudson wrote in the particular "style" he did, the way green things grow, but in one of the first qualities of genius—the power of absorption in and identification with subject or material.

Another quality of his genius appears at first sight to be the reverse of this. I can only put it negatively as the absence of specialism. Hudson was not even a specialist about birds, and he wrote as a layman and like a layman about everything that he touched. "I take it," he says, "that the only persons capable of seeing things as they are in their relations and proportions are those who have no profession and no vocation or calling. To specialise is to lose your soul." I think of Hudson as a mediator between things not visibly or obviously related, as a being full of oblique and glancing lights. He was not exactly an animist nor a visionary; he was a primitive, and yet he was a modernist too; to speak of him as an artist in one breath and a naturalist in another is to create a division where there is none. He led no double or treble life in his thought; he was a man who drew divers things into one, as it is the quality of genius to do. Those who knew him were well aware that when they were reading "A Hind in Richmond Park," he was talking to them over the lunch table at Whiteley's, and when the talk was brisk, they were alone and reading the "Hind." It is the same with his method of expression; it cannot get home except by wandering. Man, book, lover, Hudson was all one.

His power of imaginative sympathy was yet another facet of his genius. Nobody free of perverse critical theory can doubt that if he reads the chapters in the "Hind" about the sense of smell in animals. Why, in it he sees the world as animals do—by smell. He goes sniffing through the pages. Another

example of the same thing is his sense of the past. "Far Away and Long Ago" is a pure vision of the past just as "Romeo and Juliet" is a vision of romantic love. Young love finds its idealised expression in the play, all who cherish the past find their true fairy tale in the book. "Far Away and Long Ago" is a paraphrase of the text "The boy is father to the man," and so universalised. Hudson was a man who lived with the past, and his books are, and his talk was, haunted with ghosts of a radiantly full and varied life.

It will appear that I have talked as much about Hudson the writer as Hudson the man. But how separate them? One goes to his books to verify the man. One of Hudson's peculiarities as a man was the significance he attached to the senses. He despised none and spiritualised all. Sounds, sights and scents were a music to him; they were guides, that is to say, to the realms of pure emotion. There, in his books, is the personal man exploring the concrete world. What one went to the man to experience through one's own senses of contact was the immaterial glow of that genius which is scattered fitfully upon his pages.

## THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL FUND

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## THE ESSEX PIG

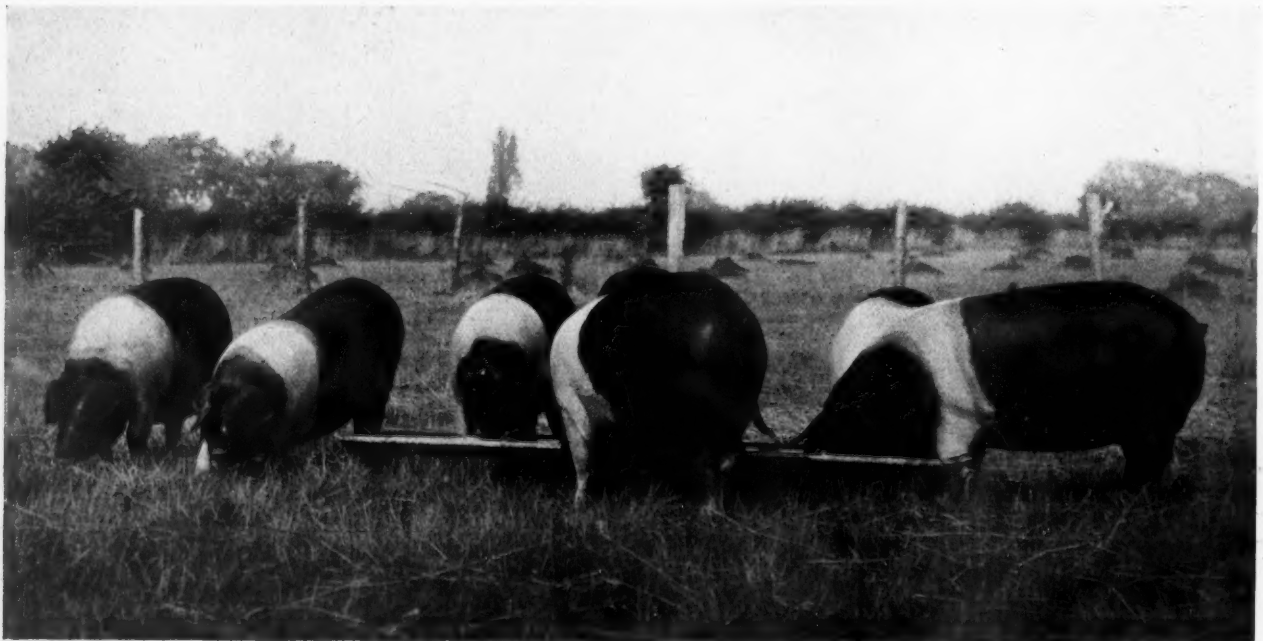
By H. B. TURNER, *Chairman of the Essex Pig Society.*

IF there is one breed in England to-day which is destined to have a great future because of its outstanding value from the commercial standpoint it is the White-shouldered Essex pig, a type of pig so often, though erroneously, described as a Saddleback. It is a breed indigenous to the county, and having been bred for generations in the rigorous climate and on the cold clay lands of Essex, it is extremely hardy.

The Essex pig is not a breed of mushroom growth or one that has been brought suddenly into being through

some comparatively recent cross-breeding; on the contrary it is probably England's oldest breed of pig. The *Essex Chronicle* of Friday, February 21st, 1823, contained the following item:

Mr. John Gunn, at the Ship Inn, in Halsted, in this county, has at this time in his possession a black and white hog of the true Essex stock; was bred on his own premises, is not quite three years old, stands very near four feet high; is computed by a competent judge to weigh 50 stone, 14lb. to the stone; and it is still so very thrifty as to be expected to fat in a short time to 60 stone.



ESSEX YELTS, SIX MONTHS OLD, BRED AND REARED IN THE OPEN.

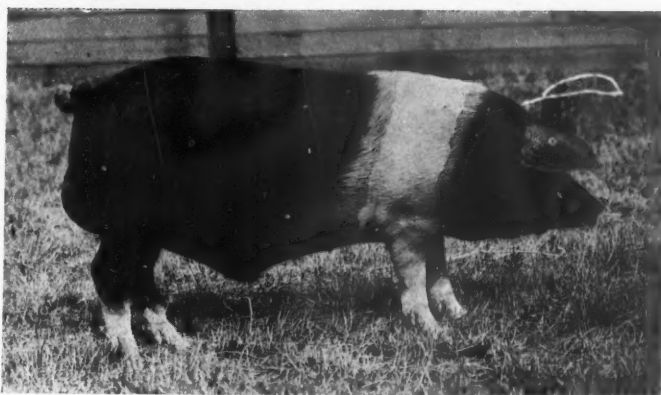


The Editor of the *Hampshire Advocate*, the journal devoted to the interests of the famous White-shouldered pig of America, in writing of the Essex pig, states :

The Breed is flourishing in England, and the present day Hampshire in this country is no doubt descended from the Essex Breed of Hogs, which is one of the oldest organised Breeds in England at the present time.

Its origin has certainly been lost in obscurity, and yet there was a great danger, notwithstanding its extraordinary commercial value, of its becoming extinct through crossing with other breeds.

The formation of the Essex Pig Society in 1918 avoided any such untoward contingency, and to-day there has been preserved what its supporters claim to be the pre-eminently best pig in England. Not only is the Essex pig the exact

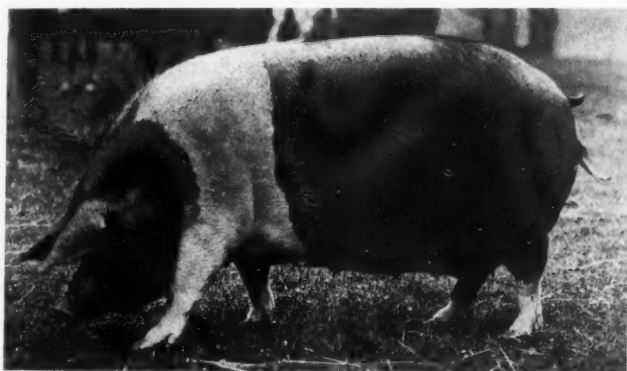


WALDEN GENEROSITY.  
Sold for 100 guineas. First prize Norfolk Agricultural Show.

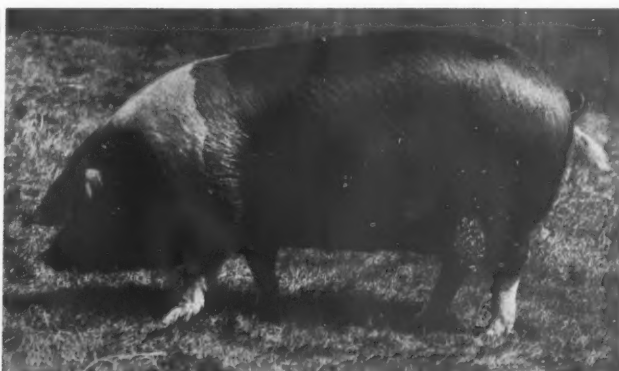
is also forthcoming in other ways. In the case of cross-bred pigs it will invariably be found, for instance, that the progeny of white sows by a well bred good type of Essex boar cannot be distinguished from the typical Essex breeds.

It was on account of the outstanding merits of the Essex pig as a good porker and bacon animal, and likewise because of its

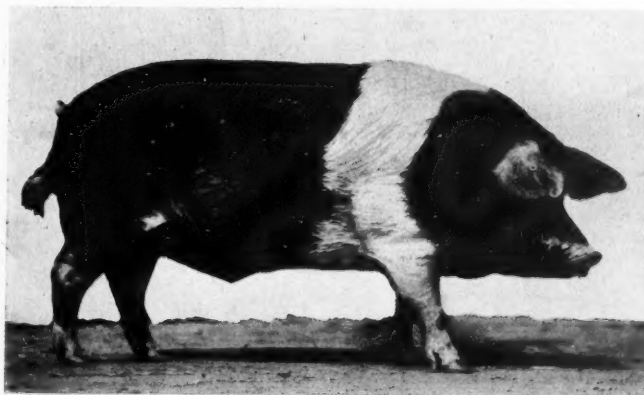
counterpart of the English forest pig of generations back, but there is abundant testimony for saying that these pigs are the direct descendants of the white-shouldered forest pigs of old. In markings, whether it be white belt round the shoulder or the white hind legs, white nozzle or white-tipped tail, the Essex pig exactly resembles, to the smallest detail, the forest pig described and illustrated in the oldest agricultural surveys. Here, then, is good proof of the breed's prepotency, which



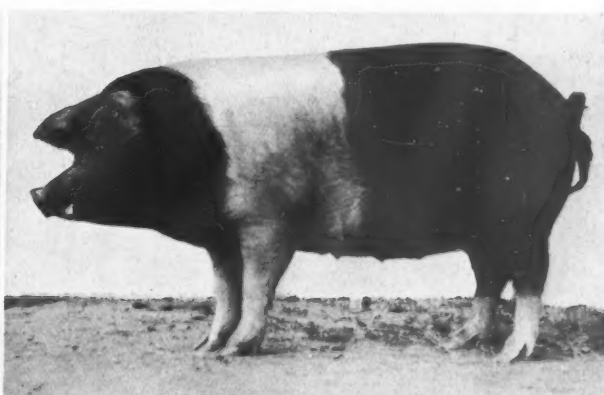
BRADWELL LARKSPUR.  
Champion and first prize Essex Pig Show.



ESSEX SOW, THE PROPERTY OF MR. R. BROWNING-SMITH.  
Champion and first prize Essex Agricultural Show.



TYPICAL ESSEX BOAR.



TYPICAL ESSEX YELT.



WALDEN TREASURE.  
Champion Royal Show, Derby.



CHELMER CELIA.  
First prize Royal Show, Newcastle.



FOUR LITTERS OF ESSEX PIGS, TOTALLING THIRTY-FOUR, AND ALL TRUE TO TYPE.

remarkable grazing and foraging properties, that so many Essex farmers in the past continued breeding them pure, without giving so much as a thought to pedigree. However, they were pure for all that, and this accounted for the unexpected large number of typical Essex pigs in all parts of the country when the Herd Book was started. Since then it has needed very little publicity to advance the merits of a breed possessing the special virtues of the Essex, and to-day these are spreading over the whole of Great Britain. And why?

It comes as near perfection for pork or bacon as any other pig, and as it excels in these dual qualities, progress has been most marked of late. As a commercial pig it is assured a ready market at good prices, while those specimens which are sufficiently to type for the Herd Book command prices which compare well with those of the best pedigree stock of the country. Breeders who have tried other pedigree breeds as well as their crosses have found from experience that it is impossible to better the Essex pig. Being aware of the highly favourable impression it has created, breeders, now that they have the advantage of a Herd Book, are exercising the greatest possible care in producing pigs correct in type and markings. The difficulties are not altogether great in view of the strength of blood of the Essex pig, which has been bred consistently by farmer after farmer in the same districts for centuries.

It must not be forgotten that though the old-time Essex farmers were able, through the careful selection of their breeding stock, to maintain the correct markings to an unusual degree, it was not their chief aim. The first thought was always a really good commercial animal, and the fact that the pig was consistent to type is the best possible testimony to its purity which has been handed down from generation to generation.

The points looked for in the Essex pig are, first and foremost, a fair size with a maximum amount of quality. Its breeders recognise that mere size is not everything, and that quality must count in every meat-producing animal. They have aimed at—and have secured—an animal that can be killed at any period of its existence to command the tip-top price either as a porker or bacon pig; while as stores, they are eagerly sought after by the large feeders because of their early maturity.

The modern Essex pig has good length and depth, is free from coarseness about the shoulder, and very full in the hams. The head is of fair length without any suspicion of the long snout or chubby nose. The ears are fairly long, not floppy or pricked, and are carried gaily, clear of the eyes. The so-called saddle marking should be broad, encircling the shoulder, including the fore legs. A silky coat, soft to the touch, means quality in the meat. This is a great point in favour of the Essex pig, which is essentially a forager and will live and thrive where some other varieties of pigs would starve. Above all, the Essex pig is a prolific breeder, the sows are excellent mothers and, by reason of their deep milking capacity, will bring up large litters and do them well.

Recognised authorities on the history of our livestock have for many years associated the black pig with the white shoulder and white fore legs with Essex, and have specifically named it the Essex breed. Records show that it has been bred

in this county for well over a century. Arthur Young, in the "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Essex," 1807, makes the following reference to it:

Mr. Western at Felix Hall, has by far the finest breed of Hogs that I have seen in Essex, and indeed equal, if not superior, to any elsewhere to be found; they are black and white, short hair, fine skin, little prick ears, short snubby noses, very fine bone, broad, deep, straight, and light in the belly, full in hind quarters, and bring litters from eight to twelve.

Mr. Western writes to Sir John Sinclair:

The breed of hogs you noticed are justly entitled to the merits you give them. They are, however, by no means peculiar to my farm, or Mr. Bridge's; they are a breed pretty general in this County, but little known elsewhere. We call them Essex Half Black, and I am inclined to think the best sorts of them are inferior to none in the Kingdom. They feed remarkably quick, grow fast, are thin in the skin and light in the bone and offal, and they are also of excellent quality of meat. Upon any fair experiment of comparative age, weight and food fairly registered, I will undertake to produce of my own or neighbour's against any other sort whatever. The sows are good breeders. There are a great many pigs bred and fattened in this neighbourhood and sent to London Market for jointing pork, weighing from six to eight or ten stone, which weight they come to at five or six months old, without putting up; they have some beans given to them as they run.

He further states that a Mr. Waltham of Maldon was famous for his black and white pigs. They are described as being great breeders, capable of being profitably fed to large weights, very hardy, and good grazers for marsh land.

Youatt (1837) describes the Essex pig as a parti-coloured animal, black, with white shoulders, nose and legs.

William Dietrick in his book on swine gives the following paragraph on the Essex breed:

This is another English breed, originating in Essex County, England. The foundation stock was the old Essexshire Hog, which was probably developed, as previously outlined, in one of the isolated local communities. It was a large hog, rather gaunt and slab sided in form, with a short head, coarse in quality, restless in disposition, and varying in colour, being principally black, with white snout, white legs and shoulders. The early development of the Essexshire was under the direction of Lord Western about 1830.

Low, in his "Domestic Animals," 1842, states that the Essex hogs are peculiarly distinguished by the fineness of the skin and softness of the hair.

In his articles on "Farming of Essex" in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, Vol. v, 1844, Baker of Writtle says:

Breeding sows and swine are kept upon most farms and are the Essex variety, known as the Half-Black Breed, but not of that description introduced as the Essex Breed by Lord Western and Mr. Fisher Hobbs (these, being of modern introduction, have not become prevalent at present), but a larger description of distinct black and white colour, the space over the shoulders being, for the most part, white, with full hanging ears, excellent mothers, and prolific, producing from eight to fourteen at each litter; they grow quickly, and at three months old are sold for the London Market and large distilleries; at ten months old they average about 180 lbs. each.

Moreton, in his "Cyclopædia of Agriculture," 1875, describes the old Essex breed as being black and white, up-eared, with long sharp heads, roach backed, carcasses flat, long and generally high upon the leg, bone not large, bare of hair, quick feeders.



The following is the standard of excellence laid down by the Essex Pig Society :

<i>Head</i> ..	Medium length, broad.
<i>Ears</i> ..	Medium size, carried forward, but not flopped.
<i>Neck</i> ..	Medium length.
<i>Shoulders</i> ..	Broad, but not open, deep, smooth and compact.
<i>Chest</i> ..	Deep, full girth.
<i>Back</i> ..	Straight, broad and level.
<i>Loin</i> ..	Broad and strong, free from slackness.
<i>Ribs</i> ..	Well sprung and deep.
<i>Sides</i> ..	Deep and full, long and smooth, free from wrinkles.
<i>Flanks</i> ..	Full and well let down.
<i>Hams</i> ..	Broad, full and well filled to hocks.
<i>Legs</i> ..	Strong, straight, well set, with clean bone, feet medium size.
<i>Tail</i> ..	Medium, fine and curled, with white tip and well set on.
<i>Hair</i> ..	Fine and silky.
<i>Colour</i> ..	Black, with the exception of white belt encircling the shoulder, including fore legs, white hind legs not higher than hock, white nozzle, and white tip to tail.
<i>Condition</i> ..	Uniform covering of flesh, especially in region of valuable cuts.

The objections are :

<i>Head</i> ..	Badger face.
<i>Ear</i> ..	Erect or floppy.
<i>Colour</i> ..	Blue coloured band between white and black on shoulder. Black hind legs and tail.
<i>Hair</i> ..	Roseback.

It was on August 2nd, 1918, that a meeting of Essex farmers was held to consider the desirability of forming a society to foster the breed and establish a Herd Book. At that meeting, those present who had bred the white-shouldered pig for years gave their experience and were able to give the facts to show that the breed possessed many marked and desirable characteristics. It had been bred in Essex for generations by hard-headed farmers, who wanted nothing that did not pay, and it was always regarded as a remunerative part of the farming industry. The Society was formed, with the Hon. E. G. Strutt, C.H., as its first President, and in the year 1920 it became incorporated.

## OAK DRESSERS

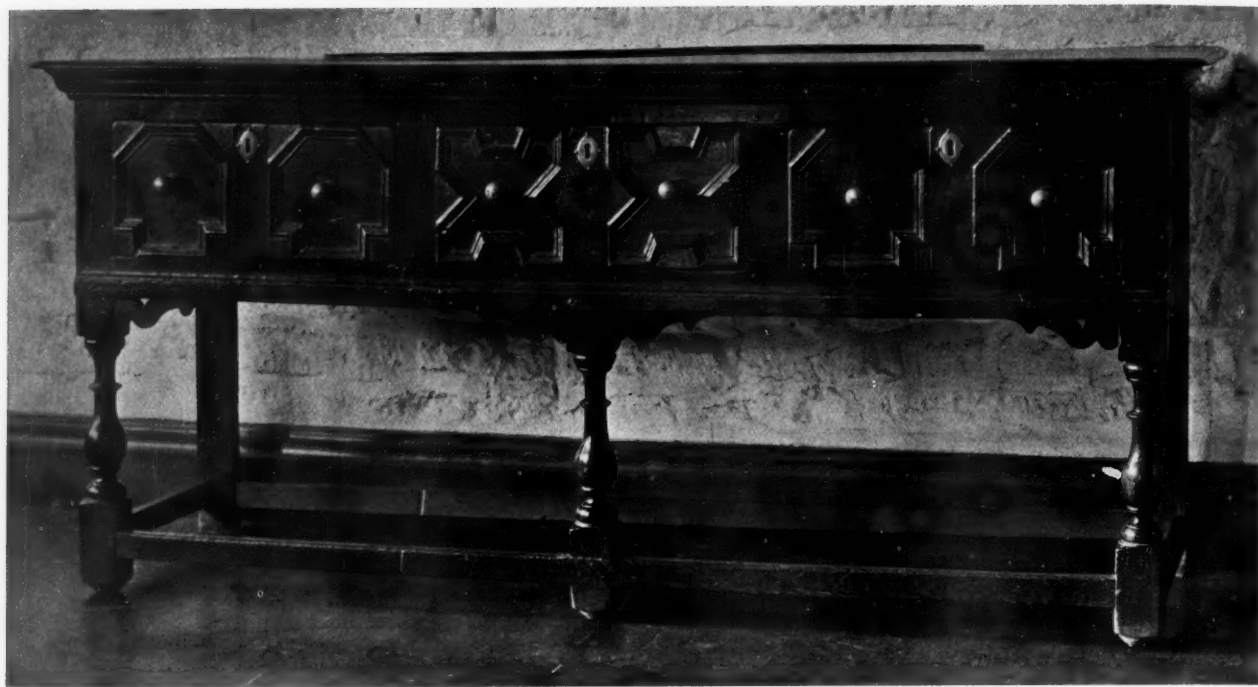
BY RALPH EDWARDS.

IN the mediæval hall the dresser occupied a position of pre-eminence, for, unlike the trestle tables, benches and forms, it was primarily intended for show, and on it were placed the flagons, cups and spice plate arranged in order, "the largest first, the richest in the myddis, the lightest before." An open framework of shelves, it was a cupboard in the mediæval sense—a "borde" upon which to set cups. On the Continent dressers were built up of many stages (their number serving to indicate the degree of the owner), and to such towering proportions did they attain in France that steps were provided to enable the servitors to reach articles placed at the top. The woodwork was often painted in colour and gilt and a magnificent setting was afforded for the plate by a dais or canopy of cloth of gold, velvet or damask. In 1396, at the marriage of Isabella of France with Richard II of England,

the dresser in the hall, where a splendid entertainment was given, is described as "couvert de noble vaisselle et de grande richesses." Olivier de La Marche has preserved an account for us of one put up at Bruges on the occasion of the marriage of Charles the Bold with Margaret of York in 1474. It was of polygonal shape and was placed in the middle of the hall, hung with tapestry bearing the duke's arms. On the shelves were set out a profusion of gold and silver vessels garnished with jewels. A generation later the herald who accompanied Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, on her journey into Scotland to marry King James, noted in the chamber at Holyrood Palace, where a banquet was served after the wedding, "a riche Dresser after the Guyse of the countre," from which "the Lord Grays the Father served the King with water for to wash, and the Erle of Hunteley berred the Towaylle." The instructions



1.—OAK DRESSER; THE DRAWER PANELS ARE FIELDIED; THE FEET RESTORATIONS. CIRCA 1670.  
From Captain E. W. Gregory.



2.—OAK DRESSER, WITH GEOMETRICALLY PANELLED DRAWERS SUPPORTED ON VASE-SHAPED BALUSTERS. CIRCA 1655.  
From Lygon Arms, Broadway.

given in a late fifteenth century manuscript entitled "Ffor to serve a Lord," prove that such structures were occasionally taken down and removed from a hall after feasting. The author says that when the company has departed "the bottler shall avoyde the cupborde, begynnyng at the lowest, procede in rule to the hieste, and bere hit in-to his office."

Towards the end of the fifteenth century the hangings became less ornamental, a cloth of white diaper or damask being the usual covering; the ground shelf was generally carpeted with knotted coloured wools known as Turkey work. In the halls of princes and great nobles this elaborate erection served to display the gilt, silver, and parcel gilt plate taken from the cupboards of the buffet, but it was also used as a sideboard on which meats were placed—"and if it be a day of estate 11 squyres for the body schal go to the Dressor, and bere 11 of the fyrst dysshes both at the fyrst course and the seconde," are the instructions given in "Certeyn Artycles for the Regulatyng of the Householde of Henry VIII." Lockers or aumbries were occasionally fitted between the shelves at this time, but the building contract for Hengrave of 1516 provides that the dressers on the dais are to be without doors in "ye facyon of livery."

From Leigh's "Armorie" of 1562 we learn that in great establishments a drum was sounded to warn gentlemen of the

household to repair to the dresser, whence, observing a strict ceremonial, they carried the dishes to their lord. In the banqueting hall the dresser was sometimes enclosed by a solid barrier, which kept the crowd at a respectful distance. Cavendish informs us that when Wolsey entertained the French Ambassadors after the ratification of the Treaty of Hampton Court, there was a dresser "made for the time in length of the breadth of the nether end" of the presence chamber. It was six decks high, "full of gilt plate, very sumptuous and of the newest fashion; and upon the nethermost desk garnished all with plate of clean gold, having two great candlesticks of silver and gilt . . . most curiously wrought. . . . This cupboard was barred in round about that no man might come nigh it; for there was none of the same plate occupied or stirred during the feast for there was sufficient besides." Dressers or cupboards, covered with the owner's richest plate, were sometimes placed in the lying-in-chamber, where the lady received her friends during convalescence. If the birth was posthumous, the room was hung with black and the shelves were left empty.

From the fifteenth century onwards the shelves and hatches in the buttery and kitchen are often termed dressers. In the "Rites of Durham" we are told that on St. Cuthbert's day in Lent the prior and the whole convent of the monks held a great feast in the fraterhouse, "having their meat served out of



3.—OAK DRESSER, COMPOSED OF DRAWERS AND A CENTRAL CUPBOARD; THE DOOR PANELS INLAID WITH TWELVE POINTED STARS. From Marple Hall.



the Dresser-windowe of the great kitchen." In the Great Kitchen at Hampton Court Palace the hatches or dressers on which the dishes were placed communicate with the passage leading to the hall. When Wolsey occupied the Palace he had two principal kitchens, one exclusively appropriated to his own table. The servitors here and in the adjoining offices numbered upwards of eighty, among them being a Surveyor of the Dresser. From the earliest version of the Boke of Curtasye dating between 1430-40 we learn that another official had an interest in the dresser. The author tells us that the Clerk of the Kitchen who dispenses their wages to the grooms and yeomen shall stand at the dresser "and sett forthe mete dresset with honde." At Haddon Hall the arrangement resembles that at Hampton Court. In the middle of the passage leading into the kitchen is a hatch with a broad shelf on the top whereon to place dishes. John Earle in his "Microcosmographie" of 1628, writes of a cook that "his best faculty is at the dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the tactics, ranging his dishes in order military and placing with great discretion in the forefront meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking tarts and quivering custards, and such milk-sop dishes which scape many times the fury of the encounter." Dressers at this date are generally mentioned in connection with the servants' quarters, and in an extract printed by Parker even the scullery shelves are called dressers.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century dressers reappear in hall and parlour, but shorn of their mediæval splendour. They are almost invariably found without a super-structure, but the top sometimes shows that uprights were fastened into it, the shelves being secured by staples to the wall. Fig. 2 shows a specimen of about 1655, with the geometrically moulded panels first introduced about this time, the vase-shaped balusters of the stand being headed by cut brackets and united by stretchers. In Fig. 1 the motive of the cornice moulding is reversed beneath the drawers, the panels are fielded in late Carolean taste, and the stretchers are omitted. At this time spirally-twisted legs occasionally took the place of turned balusters.

Dressers continued to be made in oak, elm and yew on traditional lines for farmers and yeomen long after they had been supplanted by walnut and mahogany side tables in fashionable houses. Fig. 3 represents a type dating from the early eighteenth century, composed of drawers and a central cupboard. Here the splayed door panels are inlaid with the familiar twelve-pointed stars found on contemporary tall-boys and cupboards. At about this time a superstructure of shelves structurally united to the dresser reappears, recalling the mediæval fashion; the frieze was cusped or foliated, and the drawers sometimes cross-banded in walnut. In Fig. 5 the panels of the cupboard doors are ogee headed and the proportions are simple and dignified. This dresser has been in the possession of one family in Wales for several generations and by long polishing with beeswax the oak has assumed a beautiful golden hue. A naïve attempt was occasionally made to follow contemporary taste; the cabriole leg carved on the knee with an escallop shell is found as early as 1720, the apron under the drawers was shaped, and from the Chippendale period specimens survive with the canted corners of the lower portion decorated with fret-cut ornament. The country craftsman, having once adopted the cabriole leg, continued to use it long after it had been discarded by his brethren in the towns, but in other respects he eagerly welcomed new ideas. Towards the end of the century he made his dressers with side cupboards in the upper portion inlaid with oval pateræ, cross-banding the drawers with mahogany and occasionally employing that wood for the whole construction. Fig. 4 is an admirable specimen of this last phase, with cupboards surmounted by a swan-necked pediment, and the ovals on the doors inlaid with figures of Britannia. The lines of frieze are repeated on the apron and the shaping of the shelves is an exceptional feature.



4.—THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TYPE.



5.—A DRESSER FROM WALES. CIRCA 1730.  
Both examples in the possession of Major Herbert Jenkins.

# THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP

BY LORD NEWTON.

THE Parliamentary Golf Handicap, an event of no importance whatever in the athletic world, nevertheless possesses a somewhat unique interest as a typical British product. In no other country, it may safely be asserted, would it be possible to hold a competition of this nature. If the French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies were rash enough to follow our example, a series of duels would probably be the result. If other countries paid us the compliment of imitation, the successful competitors, in case they belonged to the Opposition, might expiate their golfing triumphs by lifelong imprisonments, or even upon the scaffold.

Experience has, in fact, shown that the attempt to combine golf with international politics has proved a disastrous failure in more senses than one. Rather more than two years ago, at a great allied conference at Cannes, Mr. Lloyd George endeavoured to teach M. Briand how to play golf (probably on quite erroneous principles). Teacher and pupil were, of course, faithfully reproduced in all the illustrated papers of Europe by the ubiquitous camera men who played so prominent a part in these international gatherings. The French, who are under the impression that they are an intensely logical nation, forthwith dismissed

The first Parliamentary Golf Handicap was instituted in 1891 and, with the exception of the years 1914-19 inclusive, has been played regularly ever since. As the number of legislators in 1891 was too limited to provide a good field, Parliamentary officials of both Houses, and also members of the Press Gallery were invited to enter; and the only section of the Parliamentary hierarchy which does not hitherto appear to have been represented is the Episcopal Bench.

The initial competition was played off on Tooting Bec Common, a confined area intersected by numerous roads frequented by perambulator-wheeling nursemaids and also by loafers and tramps. The hazards consisted largely of street lamps—one of which I broke several times myself—and of forbidding gorse clumps, whose recesses, for various reasons, were best left unexplored. Not long ago I came across an ancient photograph representing the players in an early competition, and they do not seem to have exceeded more than about thirty. Among these hirsute Victorian worthies, arrayed in double-peaked deerstalking caps, and leaning gracefully upon implements which look singularly ill-adapted for their purpose, is to be recognised the figure of Mr. Arthur Balfour (I purposely refrain from accord-

H. J. ST. JOHN. SIR W. HOULDSWORTH, M.P. M. H. SHAW-STEWART, M.P.  
A. D. HUTCHINSON. W. AUSTEN LEIGH.  
JOHN ROBB. J. P. CROAL.  
C. W. CAMPION.

H. TOLLEMACHE, M.P.

J. BELL.

W. NICHOLSON.  
W. C. GRANT. LORD KINNAIRD.  
C. L. ANSTRUTHER.

H. SETON-KARR, M.P.



DONALD CRAWFORD, M.P. S. HOARE, M.P.  
J. P. SMITH, M.P. CAPT. J. MCCALMONT, M.P.  
J. BIGWOOD, M.P. W. H. LEY. FELIX SKENE.  
W. JEANS.  
T. MILVAIN, M.P. JOHN PENN, M.P.  
T. W. LEGH, M.P. LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.  
A. J. ROBERTSON.  
H. BROADHURST, M.P.

MARQUESS OF GRANBY, M.P. RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, M.P.

## AN EARLY MEETING AT TOOTING BEC.

M. Briand from power, with the result that the Anglo-French Entente has been brought to the verge of dissolution and that the recovery of Europe has been indefinitely retarded. Such are the perils of trying to force British habits upon unappreciative foreigners; and, although we have been successful in many other directions, we should be well advised if we do not allow our proselytising zeal to carry us too far. It is, by the way, worthy of note that golf played a considerable part in determining the locality of the next inter-allied conference. A suggestion was made by a foreign government that it should be held somewhere on the "Golfe de Gènes," and the British representatives, whose acquaintance with the French language was imperfect, accepted with enthusiasm, being under the impression that Genoa possessed a high-class golf course.

Here, on the other hand, we do not profess to be logical, and, in our so-called thickheaded and unimaginative way, decline to be influenced by considerations which worry other people. A British Prime Minister might be depicted in the illustrated press fooling off the tee, missing a short putt, or even grounding his club in a bunker, without any aspersions being cast either upon his capacity or upon his political integrity.

ing him the title under which he is now disguised), and I make special mention of this fact, because his charm and personality were undoubtedly a most important factor in popularising golf in England, and I doubt whether any individual has ever unconsciously exercised more indirect influence over this particular game.

For six years the Parliamentary golfers remained faithful to Tooting, and the various ties in the handicap were played off unostentatiously by private arrangements between competitors; but in 1897 the spirit of gregariousness asserted itself, and it was decided to proceed in a body to Sandwich and to play off the preliminary ties there on an appointed day. By this time the field of competitors had greatly increased, and the throng of Parliamentary golfers, accompanied by the reporters, photographers, policemen, trainbearers, messengers and other satellites, without whom no Parliamentary excursion seems complete, attained such dimensions that the expedition bore some resemblance to those post-war conferences. The practice of repairing annually in a huge swarm to the seaside became "stabilised," and Sandwich, Deal, Littlestone and Rye were visited in rotation, the members of those clubs generously placing



their admirable courses at our disposal. This seaside expedition, however, had its disadvantages. Not only was enjoyment dependent upon the weather, but there was also the chance of finding no opponent, and after a long railway journey and a lengthy wait upon the tee a competitor was liable to discover that his adversary had vanished, and that he was left without a match. This year, the more sensible plan has been adopted of playing the preliminary rounds on a suburban links, and the courteous offer of their two splendid courses by the Walton Heath authorities has been gratefully accepted. Owing to the accessibility of Walton Heath, and the great advantage of being able to start on two courses simultaneously, it may be confidently predicted that the field will be larger than on any previous occasion, and that the number of competitors may amount to 150 or more. The competition, too, will be played in the only satisfactory manner, *viz.*, by match play, instead of by means of a soulless competition against bogey, which is usually a mere weariness of the flesh in the case of inferior players.

Taking into consideration the large number of annual entries, it is rather surprising to find the same names recurring with some frequency as winners of the handicap upon the twenty-seven occasions on which it has been played. From the very imperfect records which I possess, it appears that the late Mr. A. J. Robertson, a sound player, who used to represent the *Times* in the Press Gallery, was successful upon three occasions. Mr. Arthur Balfour certainly won three times; and his last victory occurred at Sandwich in 1910, when he won from a large field, containing many excellent golfers, in a bogey competition. He had a handicap of eleven, and as he was then sixty-two, the performance may fairly be described as remarkable. But these feats have been completely outshone by another player. Colonel Jackson, M.P., has only played in four competitions, and has actually won three of them, although starting from scratch! I, myself, although a most indifferent performer, have won twice—a success which was charitably ascribed by my friends to the fact that at that time I was a member of the handicapping committee. A search into the records, however, reveals the stupefying fact that twenty-eight years ago I won with a handicap of five! This insignificant personal incident is, however, of greater general interest than might be supposed. I am quite certain that I do not play any worse now than I did twenty-eight years ago, yet if I were now to be allotted twenty-five, I do not think that any discriminating spectator would be inclined to select me as a likely winner. What then is the significance of this apparent paradox? Taking myself as what is now described as an Index Figure, does it mean that people play golf five times as well as they did in the 'nineties? Obviously, this cannot be correct, because, if it were, they would take less than one stroke to each hole. What is the real explanation? I was never any good at mathematics; is it a case of arithmetical or geometrical progression? I give it up; it is beyond me; but if these lines should happen to catch the eye of either Mr. Darwin or Mr.

Croome, perhaps, when they have nothing more important to write about, one of these gentlemen will solve what to me is at present a mystery. I decline, however, beforehand to accept from either of them, as an adequate explanation, that it is only a case of senile imbecility on my part.

But whatever possible explanation may be forthcoming, nobody can deny that an enormous improvement has taken place in the general standard of golf, and I feel no doubt whatever that it is because people now begin to play at an earlier age.

There is, however, another side to the Parliamentary Golf Handicap which is worth consideration. Personally, I am in favour of anything which moderates the acerbities of public life. When, as a young man, I sat in the House of Commons, I looked upon certain political opponents with almost inexpressible hatred. Circumstances sometimes brought me into personal communication with these gentlemen, and my sentiments were usually changed completely. If opponents can be brought into personal contact, they generally end by discovering that they have something in common and that their differences are not so great as they imagine. The truth of this was brought home to me during the war, when it was my lot to be sent three times with other delegates to conduct negotiations with the enemy on the question of prisoners of war. Upon the first occasion, so bitter was the animosity between belligerents, that the neutral government which had charge of the negotiations, carefully arranged that the two delegations should enter and leave the meeting place by separate entrances and exits, and elaborate precautions were taken to prevent untoward incidents. In practice, however, it became impossible to keep up an atmosphere of hate. In a short time relations became normal; questions that had occupied months and even years of violent correspondence were settled in a few days, and the result was that not only did the prisoners benefit substantially, but that our example was imitated by our allies. The Parliamentary Golf Handicap in a small way performs the same function. People are brought together who would be most unlikely to meet under ordinary circumstances. Secretaries of State are liable to go down before humble back benchers, reporters and youthful clerks still in the twenties; the course may be strewn with ministerial casualties; but no one is any the worse, and possibly some are the better for having made new acquaintances.

The players, male and female, who intend to compete at Walton Heath on May 10th will probably have to face a more formidable ordeal than any which they have experienced in the past. Even hardened Parliamentarians may be excused if they flinch before innumerable cameras and a crowd of spectators who somehow manage to convey the impression that they are all plus players. In a Press description of a former competition I read the following lurid passage: "So severe was the tension that several members failed in their first attempts to hit the ball."

*Di avertite Omen!*

## GRANDEES

THRONES and dominations are passing; principalities and powers are flickering like spent candles in a gust of wind. Surely it is a sign of the times that the "Almanach de Gotha" draws to its end. It was an almanac when the dynasties were all a-blowing and a-growing in every bed of the European garden; when the heir of Hugh Capet was ruling France under the banner of the lilies; when there was yet a Holy Roman emperor of the line of emperors from Charlemagne. And now, as it seems, there are not so many kings as will pad out the old almanac; this is become a world in which nobody will stay to read the genealogies of mediatised princes.

Yet the newspaper can tell us how, on a night only a month or two ago, the Grandees of Spain were gathered in the palace at Madrid for the ancient ceremony of the covering—as though their hats were secure for ever upon their grave Spanish heads.

There is stately mystery in the very name of the Grandee. Without understanding it, we have taken it into the English language. The Grandees, we say—and all pomp of courts is in the word. We smile as we say it, but we have never a better word for those who carry swords of state and white wands and chamberlain's keys, whose styles and titles are as sumptuous as heralds' coats.

And what is a Grandee, a Grandee of Spain?

Arthur, Duke of Wellington and Prince of Waterloo, who was duke here and prince there in half the States of Europe, who was knight of all the Orders, from the Garter and the Fleece to the Golden Lion of Hessen-Kassel, had the question put to him. "I am," he said, "a Grandee of Spain." There were, he thought, three classes of Grandees. The first might enter the King's presence covered; the second would cover after advancing a few steps; the third when the King should invite the Grandee to be covered.

It is possible that few Englishmen could add much to the duke's setting forth of the privileges of Grandees. Spain still wraps herself in her wide cloak and does not glibly explain her customs and her traditions. In the Spanish tongue is no such book as the "Peerage" of our admirable Burke; it would seem a blabbing of matters that are not for the crowd. Yet it is certain that if a Spanish lord have a seat in the senate house it is not as duke or count, but as a Grandee in his own right—*de derecho propio*: that much he has in common with our peer of parliament.

Duke, marquess or count: the Spaniards have made little distinction between one title and another. That which has worth is the *grandeza*, the grandeeship.

It began with Spain in the years when Castile and Leon and Aragon became one kingdom under Ferdinand and Isabel. Nobility, said a wise Englishman, is ancient wealth: *ricos hombres* (rich men) was the old Spanish nobility's frank word for itself. You might hardly call those proud lords who were *ricos hombres* the king's barons: their rights and high privileges might not be measured. They had the right to wage civil war among themselves; reciting their privileges, they set out how and in what manner they might defy their kings. For many a year it was told in England how the two great earls, bidden to go beyond sea with the host or to hang, answered King Edward with, "By God, Sir King, we will neither go nor hang"; an English noble never said a word that was more in the humour of a *rico hombre*. They multiplied at will, these *ricos hombres*; any younger son with a hill castle to his name might found another line of them. If the heirs of Ferdinand and Isabel were to reign in Spain, there could be no more of such rich men.

So, under cunning kings, began the Grandees. The Castilian nobles, who did not love Ferdinand, were willing to

abate for his son-in-law the haughtiness of their customs: they stood bare-headed before him, waiting for his invitation to cover themselves. The invitation was given only to the chief of them. Charles V was bolder. He carried his great barons to his coronation, where they met with princes of the empire whose pride might match with their own. The *rico hombre*, far from his own lands, suffered the gift of a new and pompous title. He was a *grande*, a Grandee of Spain, by favour of his sovereign the King and Emperor: soon there were no more *ricos hombres*.

Nevertheless, the Grandee was a noble figure in the eyes of Europe. The greatest nobles of France, of Italy and of the Empire might covet that strange honour. There was one Frenchman whose life was spent in nicely appraising the worth of titles and dignities. The Duc de Saint-Simon, created a Grandee of Spain when he went as the most Christian King's ambassador to the Catholic King, was taken by the magic of grandeeship. He was duke and peer of France. It was his faith that the State could rest only upon a strong foundation of dukes who were peers. But in France were new heresies. Ministers of State who were but men of the robe, lawyers, the sons of lawyers, the grandsons of nobodies, were suffered to address without any humility those who were dukes and peers. In Spain, where a French duke and peer was given the precedence of a Grandee, where he himself was Grandee as well as duke and peer, the soul of Saint-Simon found comfort. It is possible that, when he stood with his fellows, the Grandees,

before the King, his head covered, M. de Saint-Simon was as near to happiness as ever he would be in his life.

Few are the adventurous English readers who have read their way through the vast memoirs of Saint-Simon and have come safe to port where the long index begins. More have lied hardily, boasting that they have taken that voyage over a sea of print. But even those who have peeped and skipped must know how many chapters are stuffed with the tale of that grandeeship.

That most laborious duke and peer set himself to discover the history of the Grandees from their beginning. He made lists of all those covered heads; he discoursed cunningly of their genealogies. He recited the signs by which you might know a Grandee's coach when you met it in the street. He reported their ceremonies at a length beyond anything that a special correspondent would dare to send from the enthronement of a Pope.

He was not only a Grandee, he was the father of a Grandee. By grace of the Catholic King, a King who knew how a duke and peer, a Saint-Simon, should be treated, his younger son was admitted among those blessed ones. The father, eagerly watching all that passed, is not content with words: he must draw a plan of the hall, a diagram speckled with figures. Here, where you see the figure 9, stood the Catholic King. Here, at 16, you have my son making his first reverence, bowing low to the King, who half lifts his hat. With a slow step my son advances towards 17, where he bows himself again to the King



EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE DUC D'OLIVARES, BY VELASQUEZ (PRADO).





THE DUC D'OLIVERES, BY VELASQUEZ (HUNTINGTON COLL. U.S.A.).

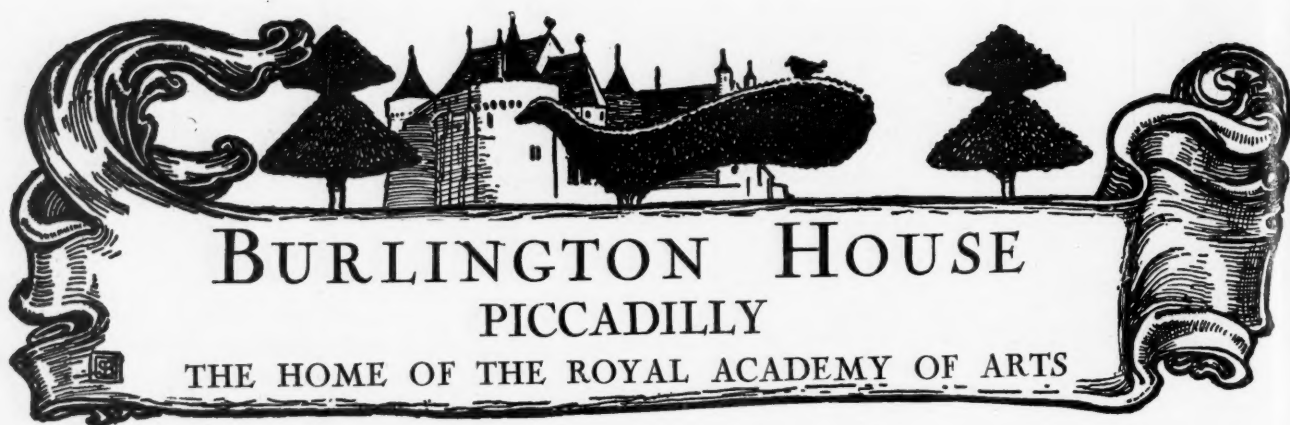
before him and to the Grantees ranged against the wall on his right. At 18 he is face to face with his Catholic Majesty, at the edge of the foot carpet. Another reverence, and before he has straightened his back the King has invited him to cover his head. He has put on his hat: covered, he speaks with the King. He is a Grantee. There remains but to make his speech of courteous thanksgiving, with many touchings of the hat, with two liftings of it at which the royal fingers go to the royal hat. At the end he uncovers and bends his knee, kissing the King's hand. Another reverence; again the royal hat is lifted. The Grantee may join the Grantees standing by the wall; he is one of them.

Newspapers did not tell us as much of that ceremony which passed when the general who governs Spain in the King's name covered his head and spoke. Newspaper readers have delicate appetites; they would turn from a column written in the manner of Saint-Simon. The loud speaker of the wireless

installation will not speak a word concerning a ceremony which is faded as old tapestry.

There are those who would see a comic quality in this tale of bowings and slow advancements, of taking off hats and putting them on again. But there is something noble in it all. Saint-Simon had reason. Before a King in his palace stood those who are in some sort heirs of those *ricos hombres*, free bannerets with right of banner and cauldron, whose oath of homage began fiercely with "We who are as good as you are." Remember the Russian Emperor who said: "There is nobody in my empire who is noble save the man to whom I am speaking, and he only while I speak." That empire of serfs has fallen; the kingdom endures where, for an hour of courtly ceremony, the King sees his nobles with their hats on their heads, speaking with him as man to man. Through all its troubled years Spain remains a land of free cavaliers. And a Grantee of Spain—is a Grantee.

O. B.



**W**HEN, in 1854, the Government bought Burlington House, they could not possibly have found a more congenial home for the Royal Academy and the other learned societies which the growth of the Civil Service had ejected from Somerset House. During the first half of the eighteenth century Burlington House, although a private residence, nevertheless did fulfil not a few of the functions of an academy of the Arts. The sight of its hospitable portal gladdened the eyes of many a virtuoso, among them Gay, who,

after passing the sites of the patrons' palaces of the past, observed :

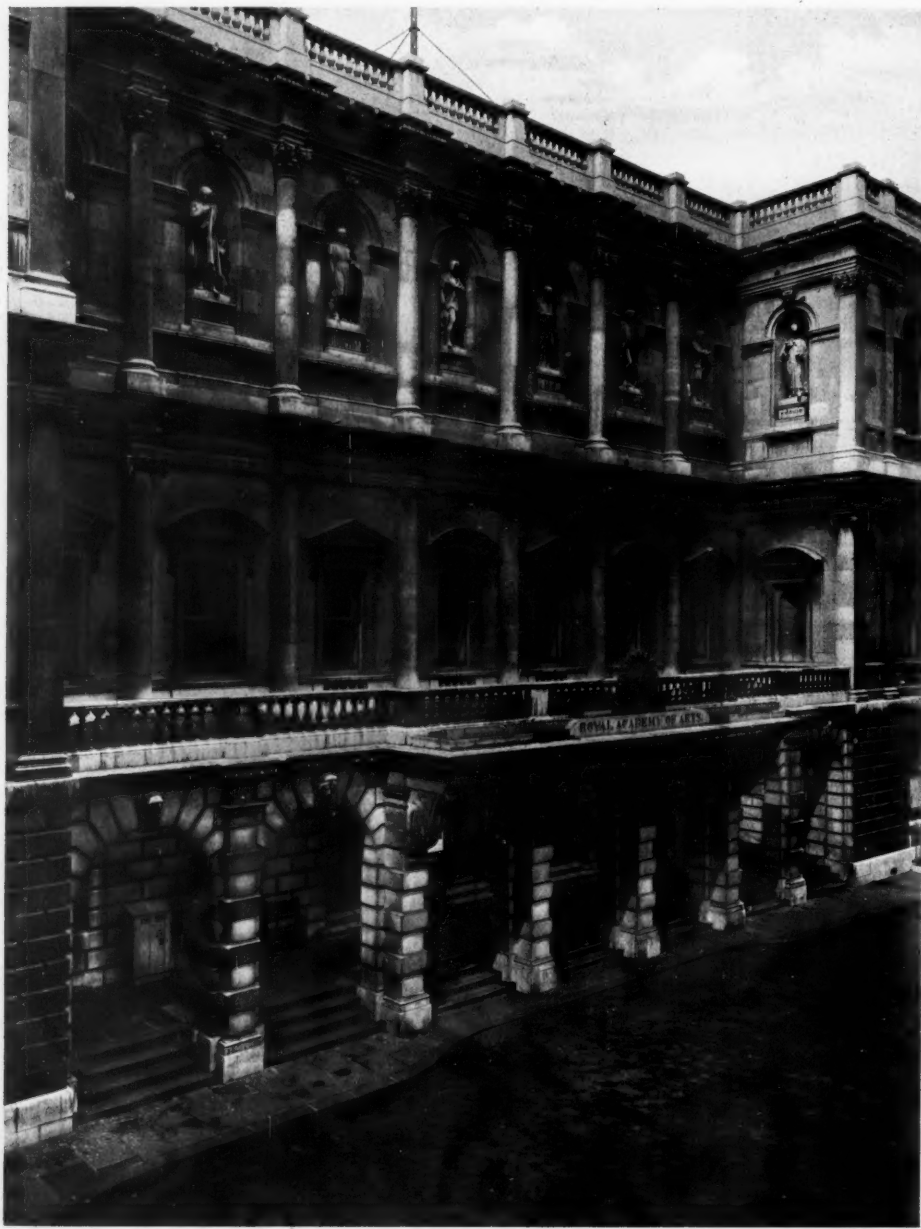
*Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains ;  
Beauty within, without proportion reigns,  
Beneath his eye declining art revives,  
The wall with animated picture lives ;  
There *Hendel* strikes the strings, the melting strain  
Transports the soul and thrills through every vein ;  
There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes)  
For Burlington's below'd by ev'ry Muse.*

Not only had Handel a domicile here, but William Kent and

Colin Campbell, the architect, lived and worked here, Sebastian and Marco Ricci, the painters, Sir James Thornhill and Leoni, the part translator of Palladio, were constantly in the house, while Pope, Gay, Swift and the rest of the *litterati* circled round the "Apollo of the Arts," as Walpole dubbed him, as well here as at his Chiswick villa.

Here, in fact, in these rooms that are now the apartments of the Royal Academy, we have also the shrine of the Burlington school. Richard Boyle himself was, no doubt, grossly flattered by his contemporaries and by Walpole, but he has been as undeservedly abused by modern writers, chief among them Sir Reginald Blomfield. Burlington's influence, according to Pope, was as much restraining as stimulating. "You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse," he wrote, "and pompous buildings once were things of use." Although some of Campbell's unexecuted designs are hopelessly unpractical, his work here is entirely sensible, as in most of the houses he erected, such as Houghton. At this time of his life, at least, Burlington seems to have exercised his vaunted common-sense. And for better or worse he did do his utmost to stimulate what he considered good taste. The measure of his success is indicated by the fact that the tradition which his "school" began, flourished for a full century.

When Sidney Smirke adapted the house for the Academy, and Banks and Barry accommodated the other societies either side the courtyard, between 1869 and 1873, Colin Campbell's two-storied façade was preserved. By blotting out the high superimposed wall of the Diploma Gallery with the hand, we can see Campbell's façade much



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1.—CENTRE OF CAMPBELL'S FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

With the top storey (Diploma Gallery) added by Sidney Smirke, and the later arcaded entrance.

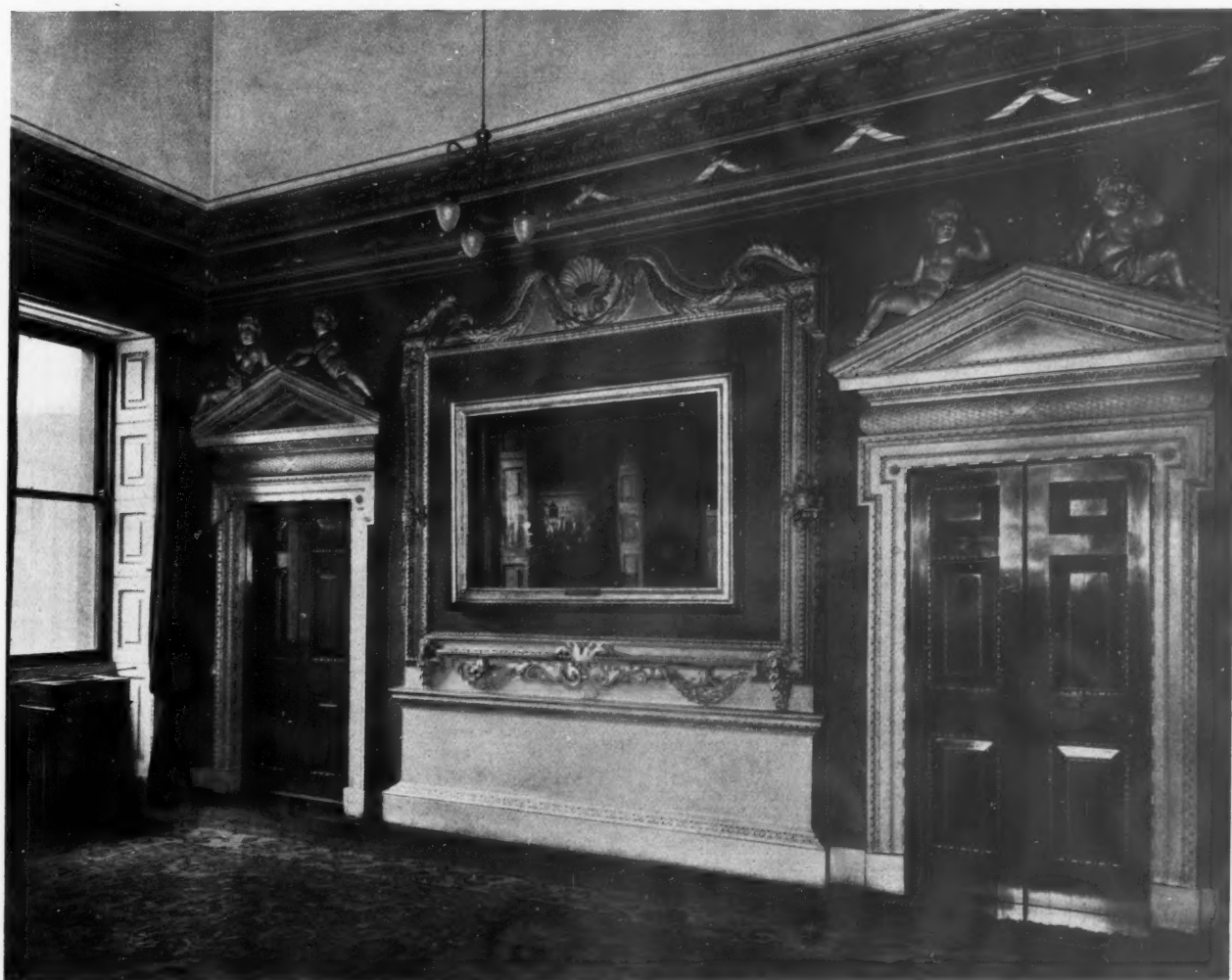




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2.—NORTH WALL OF SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—WEST WALL OF SALOON.  
The decoration typical of the Burlington School.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as it used to be. Yet, he and Burlington only re-faced the building. The house had originally been built about 1664 by Sir John Denham, the poet who, despite Webb's claim, had been made Surveyor of the Works at the Restoration. This is the house shown in Kip's collection of late seventeenth century views of houses. For the building of this original house Pepys is the only informant. On February 20th, 1664, he noted:

Next that [Lord Clarendon's] is my Lord Berkeley beginning another on one side and Sir J. Denham on the other.

And then, on September 28th, 1668:

Thence to my Lord Burlington's house, the first time I ever was there, it being built by Sir John Denham next to Clarendon House. From which there is some doubt whether Denham built the house for himself or for the first Lord Burlington. The

made as a travelling chapel for James II. It was demolished circa 1877. According to Horace Walpole, Lord Burlington built on the outskirts of the town "because he was determined to have no buildings beyond him." Now, there were always buildings along the road to Knightsbridge, and we have just seen that Lord Berkeley, not to mention Clarendon, were both building large houses farther west. It must be remembered that this part of London expanded from the south, from Pall Mall and St. James's. Looked at from this direction, Lord Burlington was certainly on the edge of country.

His grandson was born on April 25th, 1695 (according to other authorities, 1696), and early in life made his London house the centre of a brilliant circle. His father died early in 1705 and, on the authority of Gay, he was "belov'd by ev'ry Muse" by 1716—the date of the first edition of "Trivia"—when he would only just have come of age. In the same year, on his return from a first, and before setting out on a second, visit to Italy, he seems to have begun altering Burlington House.

In 1717 Colin Campbell published the first volume of "Vitruvius Britannicus," including in it plans and elevations of the house, colonnade and gateway as altered. The western pavilion had already been rebuilt in two storeys at some period, as is seen in Knyff's plate, so the form of its *vis-à-vis* was already settled. The re-facing of the main façade, though, was undoubtedly something of an adventure, both for Campbell and for the young earl. Campbell had recently had access to a large number of drawings by Inigo Jones and Webb, then the property of a Mr. Emmett, an architect living at Bromley. These he reproduced in "Vitruvius Britannicus." Burlington, on the other hand, had just returned from Italy, where he had acquainted himself with Palladio's work at first hand. The late Mr. Phené Spiers, whose researches into the phases of the building must form the material for all subsequent treatment of it, compared the centre of the façade directly to Palladio's Palazzo Porto at Vicenza, which it closely resembles, except for the attic storey, the place of which was here taken by a parapet. This elevation was, very probably, Burlington's suggestion, since Campbell had never been to Italy. It is, therefore, scarcely fair to say, with Sir Reginald Blomfield, that Burlington "had nothing to do with the designs beyond paying the bill, a remark which will be found to apply to his other designs." There very probably was, though, yet a third party assisting: Leoni, who, with



"COUNTRY LIFE." 4.—DOORWAY AT NORTH-WEST CORNER OF SALOON. Copyright.

probability is that Pepys was a friend of Denham, and referred to it as his house in the sense of its being under his surveyance. It was a typical Charles II building of brick, with a hipped roof, two rooms thick and with projecting wings to the front. Before it lay a courtyard, flanked by pavilions containing stables and the kitchens, and separated from Portugal Street, as this reach of Piccadilly was then called, by a high wall. Behind lay the gardens, as far as Glasshouse Street, which then ran to Bond Street, though this portion was later re-named Burlington Gardens and Vigo Street. A church seen in the engraving is Trinity Chapel, erected, in 1690, at the corner of Bond Street and Conduit Street. It was of wood (till 1720), and had been

Du Bois was on the point of beginning the English translation of Palladio's book, which contained elevations of the Palazzo. He no doubt gave advice, and was probably the person who, on Burlington's suggestion, drew out the design for the famous colonnade round the inside of the court facing the house. Campbell, while he took full credit for "the front of the house, the conjunction from thence to the offices, the grand gate and the street wall," yet says of this gate that "it was adorned with four three-quarter detached columns of the Doric order, agreeable to the colonnade." It was, very probably, suggested to Burlington by Bernini's colonnade before St. Peter's, which had already impressed Lord Nottingham so strongly that he set up



vast colonnades at Burley on the Hill, and Lord Sheffield, who linked up the pavilions of Buckingham House with them. The notion, however, of setting the colonnade in a semicircle *opposite* the windows of the house is quite original and roused the admiration of Horace Walpole. He wrote:

I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it, at least with attention, when soon after my return from Italy I was invited to a ball at Burlington House. As I passed under the gate by night it could not strike me. At daybreak, looking out of the windows to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of colonnades that fronted me. It seemed one of those artifices in fairy tales that are raised by Genii in a night time.

The external alterations of the house consisted in the removal of the attic storey and the re-facing of the front in stone, with a high parapet to hide the lowered roof, and a central Venetian window in each wing instead of two rectangular ones.

While this was being done, in 1717, Burlington probably again went to Italy, where he seems to have met Thomas Coke, later the builder of Holkham, and William Kent. These three, according to Mrs. Stirling ("Coke of Norfolk"), landed at Dover, May 13th, 1718, when Burlington most likely brought the young painter to his house and gave him apartments there, where Handel had formerly resided.

The interior decorations of the house have usually been attributed to this new *protégé* of Burlington's, whose designs were later to attain such celebrity. In this shrine of the Burlington school, in these very rooms where Campbell, Kent and the Earl went through the drawings of Inigo Jones and the plans being made out by them for Mereworth, Houghton and Compton, one would certainly hope to find decorations by Kent. Some light on his hitherto obscure personality is thrown by Mr. Tipping's article on his surviving letters, in the possession of Earl Spencer, which will appear next week. Mr. Spiers deliberately ascribes the interior decoration to as late a period as 1719, when Kent would have been able to design it, though, as it is clear that the ceilings of most of the *piano nobile* were raised at the same time as the attics were eliminated, it might surely be rash to deny Campbell and even Leoni any hand at all in the decoration. As a matter of fact what William Kent had specially studied was painting in Italy. It was only gradually, one may suppose, while he was re-drawing Inigo Jones' and Webb's designs for publication, at Burlington's expense and suggestion, that he began to design on his own account. One's doubts of Kent having done much work here that has survived arise from three sources: first, as we have said, the structural alterations were carried out by Campbell before Kent appeared on the scene; secondly (a consideration hitherto overlooked), the Riccis and, possibly, Leoni very probably had been working on the interior before 1716 (Gay especially noticed the wall "which with animated picture lives"); thirdly, the absence of decorative features uniquely typical of Kent, a fact which may be attributable either to his immaturity, or to the completion of the decoration before his talents were developed, as well as to the fact that only a minority of the rooms



5.—LOBBY OUTSIDE ASSEMBLY ROOM, BY NORMAN SHAW.



Copyright. 6.—DOORWAY OF NORTH-EAST CORNER OF COUNCIL ROOM.

"C.L."

remain as Burlington left them. The solitary piece of concrete evidence that we have of Kent having designed anything here is a chimneypiece in his book of designs, published 1727. If he had done more, it is likely he would have given plates of his work. The year 1727 may, indeed, be taken as the time when he began to turn towards decorative design.

Burlington House has, since that time, undergone three very thorough reconstructions. Burlington himself made some departures from Campbell's plan, as will be noted later on. But, apart from that, considerable changes were made by or for the Duke of Portland, who lived here for some years, during a great part of his long political career; he seems to have taken the house about 1765 and kept it till his death in 1809, after which Lord George Cavendish, who bought it in 1815, entirely re-modelled three rooms, and re-faced the north front in 1816-17. Smirke added the galleries behind and on top of the house between 1866 and 1873.

Burlington's internal alterations involved the changing of his grandfather's bedroom floor into a grand suite, with a state bedroom in the western wing (where the present Assembly

of Venus and Diana, 15ft. long by 11ft. high, by Marco and Sebastian Ricci. The former came to England in 1710, the latter in 1712. They decorated Buckingham House before 1717, and in 1716 Gay was struck by painted walls somewhere in Burlington House. Probable deduction: the Riccis painted these pictures before 1716. But in which room?

The ceiling of the former staircase hall, now the Council Room (Fig. 11), was painted by them in the manner of Tiepolo after Campbell's re-roofing (1717). And they also painted the panel of Bacchus and Ariadne now in the Assembly Room ceiling in the west wing (Fig. 12). But this, till Lord George Cavendish's time, was two bedrooms. Where, then, did this panel come from? The only room large enough, Mr. Spiers pointed out, was Burlington's gallery, and the Diana and Venus canvases would have exactly fitted the wall spaces either side the chimneypiece in that room. This would account for the blocking of the door from gallery to stairs.

Now, the fact that this gallery ceiling was lower than the rest of the first floor ceilings, combined with Gay's evidence, such as it is, that there were painted walls somewhere in the



Copyright.

7.—COUNCIL ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Room is), and a ballroom or gallery in the east wing. This apartment (Fig. 9), now the library, has a remarkably rich coved and coffered ceiling extending from back to front of the house. Mr. Spiers, very naturally, attributed it to Kent, for, though it is exactly like none of his other work, it might well have been conceived by him. The room is, however, lower than any of the other rooms on this floor. Moreover, both Blome's (1689) and Campbell's (1717) ground-floor plans, and plans made by Samuel Ware in 1812, before Cavendish's alterations, all show a separate room and a staircase at the north end of this side of the house. Ware, moreover, shows a big three-windowed bay in the east wall, over an elliptic library on the ground floor, of which no sign is given by Campbell. After the discovery of Ware's plans Mr. Spiers recognised that the present library was not the identical ballroom whence Horace Walpole watched the sun rise, but was entirely Lord George Cavendish's work. What, then, was here before? A ballroom of sorts certainly. In Ware's plan we see that Burlington blocked up the door from the ballroom to the stairs. Why? Either side of the present staircase to the exhibition galleries hang two large canvases

house in 1716 leads one to suspect that the gallery was the first, and not, as Mr. Spiers supposed, the last, room to be decorated by Burlington. The elliptic library beneath and the bay window in the east wall of this gallery may have been inserted by Burlington after Campbell published the plans in 1717, in which case we quite reasonably might trace the influence of Kent, though there is no evidence that the work was not carried out even later—by the Duke of Portland, for example.

Burlington's staircase hall was to the right of the front door. The staircase itself, inserted in 1717, occupied the position of Denham's, but was larger. Like Campbell's, at Compton Place, it was massive, with big balusters, square newels decorated with swags, the handrail broad and flat, the strings richly ornamented. Ware made a drawing of it before Cavendish did away with it and built the staircase facing the entrance door which (since widened) is still in use.

The central apartment (Figs. 2 and 3), called the saloon, has decorations in stucco which might well be ascribed to Kent. The boys over the door pediments, the scallop shells in the wall framing, the plasterwork of the coved ceiling leading up to



Thornhill's panel, the treatment of the between-window spaces are extremely good. They have counterparts at Mereworth, at Ditchley and Moor Park. Curiously enough, these are all three places at which Kent did not work, for Campbell designed Mereworth, Gibbs Ditchley, and Leoni Moor Park. The elaborate stucco at these places was the work of Italians; the over-door boys at Houghton were by Rysbrack. Here the boys are somewhat tamer. I personally think that this room was decorated in 1718, not by Kent, but by Campbell or Leoni (who may have designed the staircase—it is very like the one at Lyme); that the overdoor boys here are the first colonists in this island and were the result of Burlington's travels, Leoni's experience and Campbell's draftsmanship, and that Kent elaborated many of the ideas which were here expressed for the first time in England.

The next small room is now the secretary's; it has a fine late chimneypiece and a Thornhill ceiling. Beyond it lies the Assembly Room (Fig. 8), contrived by Lord George Cavendish in 1816. It is a stately Regency room and extraordinarily well in keeping (as was a great deal of Regency decoration) with the Kent period. The Riccis' ceiling panel (Fig. 12) is highly decorative; it was formerly, as we have seen, in the gallery. For a time, this was the buffet of the Academy; it was done up in its present form by Norman Shaw in 1885.

Lord George Cavendish, grandson of the architect earl, in 1831 created Earl of Burlington, and grandfather of the seventh Duke of Devonshire, bought the house from his nephew, the sixth duke, in 1815, for £75,200. He proceeded to remove the bay window, the elliptic library and Burlington's staircase, to extend the gallery the whole depth of the house, to place the stairs opposite the entrance door, which involved pushing the centre of the north front 6ft. forward, to add a bedroom floor on the north front, which he entirely re-faced, to convert Burlington's state bedrooms into a dining-room, and to make two rooms (a study on the ground floor and the present Council Room on the first) where the stairs used to be. At the same time he cut a strip off his gardens to the west, and had Samuel Ware to design the Burlington Arcade upon it (with the original intention of thwarting certain persons in Bond Street who kept throwing oyster shells over his garden wall). The venture soon brought him in a very acceptable income. His stairs, widened in about 1885 by Norman Shaw, now lead straight on to the galleries built by Smirke in time for the exhibition in 1869. The staircase ceiling is of Cavendish's time. In 1873 the present entrance vestibule was formed by throwing the rooms on either side into the hall. In its present form it is the work of Sir T. G. Jackson, who, in 1890, adapted the design of the old Academy Council Room at Somerset House to receive the painted panels originally intended for it. These consist of five by Benjamin West, forming a Maltese cross, and four circular paintings by Angelica Kauffman representing Genius, Design, Composition and Painting.

In 1854 Lord George Cavendish's heir, being then heir to the Devonshire dukedom, put up the site for sale. Richardson, the architect, under instructions from the auctioneers, made out elaborate plans and drawings for a "Palais Royale," consisting of a long courtyard surrounded by narrow shops, three or four storeys high, connecting Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens. Fortunately, the Government purchased the site, for £140,000, with the original intention of transferring the National Gallery thither. Richardson made out some designs, in which the building consisted of a long range with projecting wings, in one gigantic order, not unlike the library at Christ Church, Oxford. Events, however, took a different turn and the Royal and other learned societies were transferred from Somerset House. The University of London, too, commenced its career in the east wing, and still uses the Burlington Gardens buildings. In 1866 the Government leased the house proper to the Royal Academy, and undertook the remodelling of the entire site, Sidney Smirke, Banks, Barry and Pennethorne each contributing various portions.



Copyright.

8.—ASSEMBLY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 10.—CEILING PAINTING IN SALOON. THORNHILL. "C.L."



Copyright 11.—CEILING PAINTING IN COUNCIL ROOM. RICCI. "C.L."

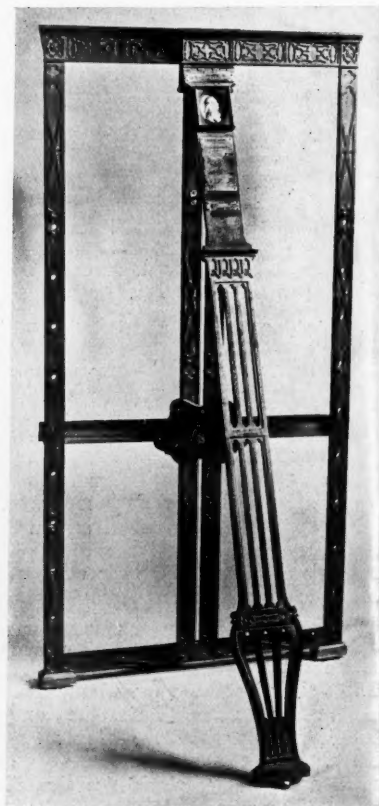


Copyright. 12.—CEILING PAINTING IN ASSEMBLY ROOM. JOS. RICCI. "C.L."

The opportunity presented by this great site, destined as a centre of learning, was tremendous; unparalleled since, and comparable only to the opportunity given to Chambers at Somerset House. The designs that have survived for treating the site as a whole give cause for relief that the problem was tackled piecemeal and, consequently, that the famous old house, which cuts the site in half, was suffered to remain, a survival all but miraculous.

In 1868 the materials of the old courtyard (see *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. LIII, page 37, where the colonnade is fully illustrated) were sold. The colonnade was reserved by the Government, who intended to erect it round one end of the lake in Battersea Park. For twenty years, however, the columns lay about on a stretch of the Thames Embankment, then under construction, and were eventually sold to contractors, and are said to be still in existence. By 1873 Banks' and Barry's courtyard was ready for the other Societies' occupation, and Smirke had added the Diploma and Gibson galleries on top of the old building, the whole being carried by girders and the old part thus left undisturbed. The present façade of Burlington House proper, while not comparable to Sir James Pennethorne's Burlington Gardens front, is, on the whole, a noble and sympathetic treatment of a difficult problem. But if the Academy have a little spare income one year, why do not they restore the heavy bars to the old windows? They would at once give back to Campbell's building the distinctive and cheerful air it lacks and in no way affect its relation to Smirke's gallery above.

The Academy apartments are rich in the memories and traditions of great artists. On walls which have known the Augustans hang the paintings of the greatest Georgians and the greatest Victorians. In the saloon is Hogarth's



13.—EASEL OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.





Copyright.

14.—TEA-CADDY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



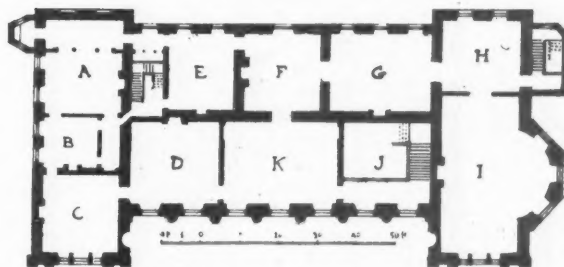
15.—SIR JOSHUA'S PALETTE. "C.L."

painting of the "Life Class" which he established in Peter's Court, off St. Martin's Lane, and which flourished until the establishment of the Incorporated Society of Artists in 1765. The fault of this body was that there was no exclusion, and, therefore, the inferior element predominated. In 1768, therefore, Chambers and West solicited a charter for another society from the King, and, though he had taken no part in the preliminaries, Reynolds accepted the presidency of The Royal Academy. Schools were opened in Dalton's print warehouse in Pall Mall, opposite the present Carlton Hotel; Reynolds delivered his first discourse at their opening, and in April, 1769, the first exhibition was held. One hundred and thirty-six works were exhibited and a handsome sum was made in entrance fees: not enough, however, to pay the whole of a year's maintenance of the schools. The Academy had, therefore, recourse to the ever-generous Sovereign, who, between 1769 and 1780, gave upwards of £5,000 in payment of deficits.

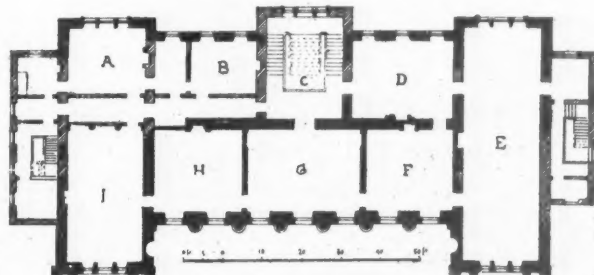
In 1780 the Academy moved into the rooms in Somerset House specially designed by Chambers, who, throughout this period, seems to have been the organising soul, as well as the treasurer, of the Society. Thenceforward the proceeds of the exhibition began to cover maintenance and charity expenses and no further recourse was had to the King.

In these early times the Academy was a bohemian, rollicking collection of fellows, who ate largely and sang merrily at the annual banquets held after the first exhibition day, originally in the St. Alban's Tavern. Many of their facetious songs were specially written. The refrain of one ran:

That art unassailed long may reign  
Where George protects the polished train!



16.—FIRST FLOOR AS REARRANGED BY LORD BURLINGTON, A—E, bedrooms; F, anteroom; G, dining-room; H, anteroom; I, ballroom or gallery; J, stair; K, saloon.



17.—AND BY LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH, 1815. A, bedroom; B, dressing-room; C, principal staircase; D, drawing-room; E, ballroom or gallery; F, small reception room; G, saloon; I, state dining-room.



18.—SETTEE IN SALOON.



19.—ARMCHAIR IN COUNCIL ROOM.

Whether the "polished train" referred to the muses, the singers or their silver plate, is uncertain. That the Academy was accumulating a supply of the latter is undoubted. Indeed, one of the earliest rules sets forth that—

It is expected that each Academician when he arrives at the honour of being on the Council do deposit 5/3, and afterwards make a handsome present to the Academy of a piece of plate for the use of the Council and his name shall be engraved thereon and transmitted to ———.

The uncertainty of the name's destiny was one of Newton, the Secretary's, waggish conceits. His flippancy brightened the minutes considerably, and enlivens the plate book:

Given by the President, a superb standish (ink stand).

By the Treasurer, an elegant nest of cruets.

By the Keeper, a shining spoon.

By the Secretary, a useful spoon.

Four other spoons were respectively "exquisite, incomparable, good and fine," while T. Sandby, West and Cipriani gave "a pompous silver candlestick, a pair of magnificent sauce boats, and a precious bottle stand." This admirable custom seems to have lapsed later on, till, in 1812, Yenn proposed and, of course, Farington seconded, that defaulting councillors should be pressed. The now plentiful plate appears at the Academy banquet held on the night of the opening day in the galleries, at which some two hundred guests are usually present, and at the New Year's Eve dinner in the Assembly Room, the table of which holds exactly twenty people—the five outgoing, five remaining, and five new councillors and the five officers.

Facing Hogarth's "Life School" is Zoffany's "Antique School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House." Reynolds' easel, a fine Chinese Chippendale style piece of mahogany, stands in a corner, and his case of three cut glass, silver-mounted tea caddies in a cabinet near by, where is also preserved a palette with colours set by him for Mary Marchioness of Buckingham when she proposed to copy his Mrs. Siddons. They are a range from white and ochres to browns, with some shades of red. In the case in the centre of the room are preserved many sketch books: those of West, Romney, John Gilbert and others. Also Gainsborough's famous letter to the hanging committee of 1783:

Mr. Gainsborough presents his compliments to the gentlemen appointed to hang pictures at the Royal Academy, and begs leave to hint to them that if the Royal Family which he has sent for the exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters) are hung above the line along with full lengths, he never more, whilst he breathes, will send another Picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God.

Next year a similar request was made with the alternative invitation for his pictures to be returned. The committee returned his pictures. Before he died, though, he had agreed to paint an overmantel picture for the chimney in the Council Room. There is here his pathetic letter, written as he lay dying, to Reynolds, to come and criticise his last painting. There is also in the Council Room a very fine self-portrait (Fig. 7). In this room, with the Riccis' Tiepolesque ceiling, is Reynolds' "Theory" over the chimneypiece, painted for the ceiling of a room at Somerset House. The beautiful chimneypiece, in a manner that Flaxman was to develop, is Joseph Wilton's Diploma work, contributed when the Academy moved to Somerset House. In the Secretary's room is a spirited plaster bust of Wilton by Roubilliac, recently recovered from the vaults. The Council Room is covered with portraits, among them Landseer's admirable "John Gibson" (Fig. 7). Gibson lived in Rome and amassed a considerable collection of statues of marble and plaster, which he left to the Royal Academy, with the money to construct a gallery. The gallery is now up by the Diploma galleries, but the fame which poor Gibson anticipated has not yet followed. In the Council Room a great picture by Singleton shows the Royal Academicians of about 1795, the outstanding figures being Chambers, Farington and Copley. Here also hang Reynolds' and Hogarth's palettes—shaped like spades, some roins. square. Elsewhere is Lord Leighton's palette—2ft. long. Northcote, Calcot, Prince Hoare, Bonomi, Westall, Yenn, Watts—a great company of artists haunt these walls. But of the outstanding figures whose memory predominates, the presiding genius is not Burlington's nor Pope's, nor any of the Augustans; nor yet that of Lord Leighton, whose magnificent, if academic, utterances had all the grace of his person, but, rather, it is the memory of one who visited these rooms only as a guest, to paint Lady Elizabeth Cavendish—the memory of Joshua Reynolds. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## IN THE SWISS NATIONAL PARK

BY DR. R. LLOYD PRAEGER.

THE carriage road, narrow and steep, twists along the precipitous hillside, densely covered with primeval forest, mostly Scots pine and mountain pine, with some spruce and larch, and a rich undergrowth of low shrubs. The river raves and foams a thousand feet below, and so close underneath that one would think one could toss a pebble into it. Across the gorge the woods, dense and green, mount and mount till at length they give way to grass, which runs up to the bare rock and snow, which merge into fleecy cloud and azure sky. What country! And its main interest to the naturalist lies in the fact that it is all most strictly preserved for the benefit of the botanist and zoologist. Not that they may come here to collect: quite the reverse. No flower may be plucked in this place, not so much as an earth-worm may be disturbed, nor a single stone removed. Here no tree is ever felled, no meadow mown, no pasture grazed save by the chamois and the deer. No fire may be lighted, no

dead stick gathered. For we are in the Swiss National Park, the main function of which is to provide for the present generation, and in an increasing degree for each generation which follows; a place where Nature, absolutely unspoiled and unadorned, may be studied by all who love her. Hence the elaborate care taken to eliminate all human interference and to restore by degrees conditions as primitive as they may have been while man was still in the early Stone Age. Thus only can the natural evolution of the animal and plant societies be studied. And this idealistic

pleasure ground is particularly admirable in a country like Switzerland. For there, more than anywhere else in Europe, despite the wide areas still unspoiled, does one find a land whose natural resources are everywhere exploited, whose streams are harnessed to great humming dynamos, whose valleys are mere spider-webs of electric wires, whose ravines are spanned and mountains burrowed by railways, and whose



A VIEW NEAR THE TREE LIMIT IN THE SWISS NATIONAL PARK.



choicest spots are desecrated by hotels of unexampled hideousness.

Our big motor char-à-bancs pant on up the narrow way, till suddenly there is a commotion in front. Three heavily laden wagons fill the road beyond a sharp corner. There is much shouting and backing of horses and cars; we contribute our share to the medley, for our party of thirty-three botanists includes seventeen different nationalities; finally we crawl past—fortunately, for our nerves, on the inside of the road. We begin to descend in wide curves, and at length meet and cross the stream, and as darkness falls we draw up at the only hotel which is allowed within the sacred precincts of the park. Fortunately, we have brought some provisions with us, or we might leave famine in our wake; as it is, we overflow from the hotel into an adjoining loft, where we sleep luxuriously on hay, and at sunrise wash away the traces of the night with ice-cold water in the stinging morning air. Then a little botanising by the stream in front of the hotel, where *Saxifraga caesia*, its tiny grey cushions in full bloom, abounds among the boulders in the river-bed. After this, the hurried *Frühstück* of coffee and dry bread seems inadequate to our solid British appetites; but soon we are off again, up the road towards the Ofen Pass. Our path leads us through the finest woods of *Pinus montana* to be found in Switzerland. The trees stand close together, very straight and slender twenty to thirty feet in height, like miniature Scots pines save for their very narrow outline, which is cylindrical rather than conical. They grow on a dry, porous limestone rubble, which yields an interesting but starved ground flora. Here also we make our first acquaintance with that notorious woolly impostor, the edelweiss. We do not lose our dearest friend in a fatal climb to secure this treasure, nor does a picturesque guide risk his life on a dizzy precipice to obtain it for us. It sits, a placid plump blob of grey, on a heap of mud by the roadside, in the half-shade of the pines. We examine it—pat it on the back, metaphorically—and pass on, for we are still on the sacred ground of the National Park. Later on we tramp over abundance of it on flat gravel meadows by the stream at the roadside hut of Buffalora. Here we reach the limit of the trees (about six thousand four hundred feet), and wide alpine pastures spread out over folded hills and run up towards the rock and snow of scattered summits. The hut contains a meteorological station, from whose records we gather some idea of the climate which prevails here. The summer maximum has been as high as 95° F., and the winter minimum -18° F., or 50° of frost. No wonder that the alpine plants which grow here are perplexed when transplanted into our gardens; still more those which flourish on the peaks two or three thousand feet higher up!

Towards one of these—Buffalora—we now direct our steps: across the wide gravel-bed of the stream, up a steep slope with the last of the pines, and on up a wide curving grassy valley with a kind of alpine marsh at its head, which detains the ecologist for some time. Then a slanting course over a great scree, a scramble up a steep gully and out on the crags of the summit—grey splintered limestone with drifts of snow. Vegetation is very sparse here,



DRYAS OCTOPETALA, ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF ALL ALPINE PLANTS.



ANDROSACE HELVETICA FORMS A CUSHION: THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT OF HIGH ALPINES TO GROW IN THIS COUNTRY.



A TYPICAL SCREE PLANT, VIOLA CALCARATA ALBIFLORA, TAKEN GROWING ON THE POOREST QUALITY OF LIMESTONE RUBBLE.

but what there is is interesting and beautiful—the rare *Papaver aurantiacum* (=rhaeticum) like an orange-flowered *P. alpinum*, tiny saxifrages and androsaces, and so on. Since leaving the hut we have been just beyond the boundary of the park, so it has been permissible to collect specimens for examination and roots for our gardens; but it is not botanists who are responsible for the destruction of alpine plants, and only a few special things, often inconspicuous and, to the unlearned, uninteresting, are taken.

From the summit of Buffalora, looking westward and northward, we get a bird's-eye view of the grand stretch of country—mountain and valley, forest and grassland—which constitutes the Swiss National Park. Where is it? That has not yet been stated, and is still known to comparatively few. It lies far to the eastward, in the Engadine, up against the Italian frontier. Take the train for twenty miles from St. Moritz down the Inn valley and you reach the primitive little town of Zernez, with roomy, square, broad-roofed houses, one-third living-rooms, two-thirds byre and haylofts, built of solid rough-hewn timber. The botanist may have an interesting time here for, although the elevation is 4,800ft., this is a warm, sun-baked valley bottom, and the rocks on the southern side yield a flora which loves heat and dryness—sedums and sempervivums in quantity, *Tunica Saxifraga*, *Astragalus Cicer*,

*Coronilla emerus*, *Calamintha Acinos*, *Allium senescens* and a crowd of other species. Zernez is the gateway of the National Park. Thence climbs the only road which leads through that sanctuary—in summer teeming with vegetable and animal life—

A populous solitude of bees and birds  
And fairy-formed and many-coloured things.

In winter it lies deep under snow, the streams are frozen and silent, the shrill cry of the marmot is no longer heard, and insect life is still; but the golden eagles still keep watch over the white landscape, the black game and deer move among the trees, and the foxes prowl through the forests.

An ideal spot for the naturalist, and one in which the interest will grow as time goes on and the play of natural forces makes itself felt. To assist in the study of progressive changes the Schweizerische Naturforschende Gesellschaft has undertaken a complete natural history survey of the park. All the animals and plants existing in it, from chamois to ants, and from trees to the minutest algæ, are to be listed, and their abundance and distribution noted so far as possible. With this as a basis, very interesting studies of their action and interaction, quite free from the all-pervading influence of human activities, may be anticipated in future years.

## LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.—IX

### BOND STREET, OLD AND NEW

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

**B**OND STREET is not a street. It is a country lane, with its irregularities and undulations, which has grown into a country high street. It has never grown up to a metropolitan standard. That is its charm, though it is scarcely an architectural one. Its very narrowness helps in this respect. You can wander across it from side to side or view the contents of the shop windows without crossing the street. You could do all these things with much greater comfort, however, if the great red omnibuses were not there. They should not be. They are entirely out of scale with the street and not at all in keeping with its bazaar-like character. They are a veritable stream of bulls in a succession of perfume shops. It is quite unsafe to stand in the roadway and chat, yet that is more than half the pleasure of a bazaar, in the eastern sense of the term, at any rate, and where else is one to stand when the footways are so narrow and so crowded?

Everyone has walked down Bond Street hundreds of times and enjoyed it; yet has anyone looked critically at the architecture of its buildings? I confess I had not until it was my business to do so. If you do you will have difficulty in finding anything good. You might argue from such absence that we are not after all a nation of shopkeepers, just as you might, from certain utilitarian economies in Whitehall, that we are. If we were, at heart, shopkeepers surely we should have made Bond Street into a Rue de la Paix or a Fifth Avenue. We should have cast our eyes above the shop windows and seen that the façades there had some dignity, some quiet impressiveness, at any rate, corresponding to the status of the merchants below. At the beginning of the last century this was no doubt the case. The shops then sparkled under plain brick walls with well proportioned Georgian windows, behind which the shopkeepers lived. Now what do we see if we venture to look up? A long succession of the most rubbishy and distorted buildings to be found in London, with no London character in

them at all, but plenty of that of Bolton or Wigan and the lesser and less pleasant provincial towns. I am not exaggerating. Start at Oxford Street one day and walk down towards Old Bond Street, and for a moment forget the wares which the Odettes, Estelles and all their happy crew have to sell. Keep your eyes above their level if you can. You will then see one narrow front jostling another. That, perhaps, is not preventable where land has been cut up into so many ownerships, but the fronts did not jostle one another in this noisy, vulgar, provincial way when they were all more or less of one type. Now they are in every known and unknown style, some in red brick, some in yellow, some in stone and some in glazed terra-cotta, and not one in this first part of the street—unless it be No. 65-66 on the left-hand side, built in 1896—which is not struggling by unnecessary features, by violent outline or violent modelling, to call attention to itself. The only two good new buildings in the street that I have been able to find, admittedly rather bored by my search, are the premises of the

two leading picture dealers. They have realised, like sensible folk, that the value of their valuable wares is enhanced by their being exhibited in decently reticent buildings. Naturally, you do not expect to buy a Raphael in a glazed terra-cotta corner-house building. Yet you are asked in New Bond Street to buy quite expensive clothing, jewellery, bric-à-brac and other such wares in shops under noisy vulgar fronts which would disgrace the esplanade of Margate or Southend. Obviously, we cannot be a nation of shopkeepers. We do not know our business well enough.

How then is one to write an article on the architecture of Bond Street when there is nothing worthy of the name? I think one must do it on paper as one found one did it in reality. One must take a little walk and, when completely bored, bolt down a side street to where one knows there is something to be found both new and good, that rare combination.

Let us begin our search and walk as far as Brook Street. Here, almost at once, is No. 57,



A COUNTRY LANE THAT HAS GROWN INTO A COUNTRY HIGH STREET.





TWO OLD SHOP-FRONTS. THEIR SOBRIETY, IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTIVE, INSPIRES CONFIDENCE.

on the left-hand side, the charming double-bayed shop front of Messrs. Roy et Fils, the jewellers. But, of course, it is old, about 150 years or so. The old bars have been taken from the bay windows and bent plate glass substituted, but there is still the delightfully carved cornice. Farther on, on the same side, there is Ellis' bookshop, a single octagonal bay in this case, with its very inviting door in the middle; but this, too, is of about the same date. Who would not be tempted to buy books both to read and to re-read by such a front? Its quietness and sobriety give you at once the necessary confidence that you will get your money's worth. One might be almost tempted, too, to buy unnecessary pills at Messrs. Savory and Moore's, No. 143, on the opposite side, though the front here is a little later, perhaps designed at the beginning of last century. It is simple, serious and effective. One could be sure at a glance that here one's prescriptions

would be made up correctly. One knows so many chemists' shops where the fascia boards and windows suggest the very reverse, that dispensing is a sideline to cheap photograph frames and pincushions, and that in all probability it is carried out by the boy messenger in his spare moments. But we have found yet no modern architecture, so the only thing to do is to make a digression. Brook Street offers the chance. There is



KNOEDLER'S, BY THOMAS HASTINGS.  
In the clear cut enrichment, intriguingly set amid plain surfaces, we trace the American architect.

something new and good down there on the right-hand side. Let us go and look at it. It appears to be a new building in cement and black brickwork—No. 86, with a long return to Bird Street and to be a series of consulting rooms for doctors. On enquiry it is found that the architect is Mr. Biddulph Pinchard. Well, Mr. Pinchard is to be congratulated. He has made a real Lovat Fraser building with all the Lovat Fraser distillation of the eighteenth century; more demure and amusing than the authentic works even of that demure and amusing century. The little set-back forecourt, with its odd little railing, its flight of steps to its rich little door, beneath the tall flat pilasters and pediment, might be a setting for another Beggar's Opera. A most refreshing thing. We can now face Bond Street again with a new heart.

Our excursion must have brought us luck, for here, very soon, on the right-hand side, is a real building: shop front, gallery over,

façade above, all welded together into a complete and expressive whole. It is Messrs. Colnaghi's gallery and Messrs. Colnaghi's building, Nos. 144-146, by the late E. A. Rickards. His touch is unmistakable. No other Englishman of our time could wield baroque motives and obtain from them their full richness without becoming coarse and vulgar. This building quite rightly suggests luxury. Look at the fine rich mouldings of the main door, reminiscent of Dutch picture frames. Note the elegance of the pilaster composition which holds the shop windows together. Look at the rich first floor, with its small panes stretching across the whole front and suggesting a gallery of good things within. See how this latter is crowned with vases and central figure in form reminiscent of Chelsea china. I believe this beautiful figure is the work of Mr. Poole. Above all this the façade grows up into a fine impressive structure, so that the building has a unity and completeness possessed by no other in the street. Messrs. Colnaghi are to be congratulated in having employed, as Messrs. Knoedlers have farther down the street, an artist to design their premises. One may be sure at once that the wares of people of such discretion are worth consideration.

After this one fine building, however, the street seems again an architectural wilderness. As a street, undoubtedly it has picturesqueness, the result of accident rather than design. It is very pleasant, for instance, to note the projecting flank of Messrs. Atkinson's premises at the corner of Old Bond Street and Burlington Gardens, with its large plain plaster surface, discreetly decorated with one mosaic panel. But there are few pieces of



COLNAGHI'S, BY THE LATE E. A. RICKARDS.  
No other Englishman of our time could wield baroque motives so joyously and finely.

design anywhere which have any individuality or even suitable character. The new stone ground floor of Messrs. Barclays Bank is simple and judicious, and thereby looks very well among its less reticent neighbours. It is time, I am afraid, to make another excursion. There is that fine Italian Palazzo-like front of the American Women's Club in Grosvenor Street, No. 46, which was designed by Messrs. Detmar Blow and Billerey for Sir Edgar Speyer. Let us turn to it for a little refreshment. It is one of the finest new fronts in London. What scale it has! Only three windows to a frontage to which the rest of the street and most of London would give five at least. No wonder it suggests the noble entertainments of some Italian prince. Everything about it is equally strong, the finely rusticated basement, the monumental windows, the magnificently moulded string course over the ground floor, and, not least, the squat bold balustrade which lines the pavement. Here is a palace front equal to any Italian one and not a copy. Surely its author should be an architect member of the Royal Academy on this building alone, if such things are a qualification.

But duty calls. We must return to our street. We are near the end of it, however, and its quality, I think, improves a little as we leave New Bond Street for the Old. I am afraid it is because

there are more old buildings there, but, at any rate, there is one new one which, if small, is very good. Fortunately or unfortunately, as is your point of view, it is by an American architect, Mr. Thomas Hastings. It is the little front to Messrs. Knoedler's premises, No. 15, on the left-hand side. It is only the ground floor which is new, though the upper part of the building has been cleaned and has had flat balconies and other small things added to bring it into key with the lower. It is this new lower part which is interesting, especially the door. This little thing shows over again, as does the big Bush House, the value the modern American architect attaches to fine enrichment set on a plain field. Look at the mouldings of the door as they emerge from the rustication on either side, sharp, clear and rich. There is no doubt a little wilfulness in the 45° corner brackets to the door cornice, but the general effect is one of great refinement, which obviously is the effect Bond Street needs, but somehow so rarely gets. Here we are, then, at the end of the street at last. I assume my task is done. If anyone ever again goes to look for good architecture in Bond Street may he go straight to Messrs. Colnaghi's and Messrs. Knoedler's premises and forget the rest, Who but an architect, though, would be so silly as to set out on such a search?

## GREEN KIRTLED SPRING

MR. GRAHAM SMITH tells us in a little prefatory note that this book came into being from her desire to bring to town something of the colour and mystery of the country. She has performed her self-appointed task in a very charming manner. The spring depicted here in picture as well as in prose and verse is a spring as moderns know it. The season brought a different rapture to our ancestors because winter was a much harder time for them. The majority then lived in the country, and during the winter months were practically imprisoned in their houses. The roads, all but the main highways, were so soft as to make transport almost impossible. No one thought of travelling for pleasure. The house, too, was ill lighted and not furnished with the conveniences which enable people of to-day to defy the weather. Food was scarce and not very palatable. One would think, at any rate, that even the sturdiest appetite would get a little cloyed with salt meat every day and very few vegetables to eat with it, so that, until the growing of the potato in large quantities cured it, scurvy was a common disease. No wonder that the advent of "the spring time, the only pretty ring time" was hailed with a boisterous joy. The pleasure associated with spring is most beautifully expressed in the "Song of Solomon": "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." To-day the poet of spring writes mostly of inanimate creations and the lower animals. He forgets the little country children whose games change in sympathy with the improvement of the weather. A great many started at Easter with the boiling of coloured eggs, when marbles were brought out, pitchers were played, hoops were trundled and ring games enjoyed with the ancient dialogue of folk-lore and song. The editor of this anthology probably thought that the old songs had become more or less tags, though that could never be altogether the case with Shakespeare, who had a joy in spring shared only by Chaucer and the unknown poet who made "Sumer is i-cumen in." The editor has been very fortunate in her contributors, leading off with the Poet Laureate's verse about cheddar pinks. Art could hardly suggest a more alluring picture than that of Dr. Bridges:

Mid the squander'd colour  
idling as I lay  
Reading the Odyssey  
in my rock-garden  
I espied the cluster'd  
tufts of cheddar pinks  
Burgeoning with promise  
of their scented bloom;

leading to the homely metaphor:

Like school girls overslept  
waken'd by the bell  
Leaping from bed to don  
their muslin dresses  
on a May morning;

and so to the perfect ending:

I had forgotten Homer  
dallying with my thoughts  
Till I fell to making  
these little verses  
Communing with the flowers  
in my rock-garden  
on a May morning.

The verse of the book is better than the prose, although in one or two cases it is not of the best that the writer could give. In Walter de la Mare's "The Dawn," for instance, out of eight verses there is only one worthy of the writer:

Black ashén rooks, on ragged wing,  
And heads with sidelong eye,  
Sweep through the silvery heights of daybreak,  
Silent o'er the sky.

The others are more or less forced and mechanical.

Alfred Noyes is quite as unsuccessful, but Mr. Laurence Binyon renders beautifully the romance of the pleasure—half of which is pain—that spring brings with it. Who that has spent childhood in the country has not loved for ever the memory of some high hill or distant shadowy range of mountains flushed at even with the light of the setting sun and in the morning crowned with streaming fog? This is the theme of Mr. Binyon's poem, of which the first two verses are:

To a bare blue hill  
Wings an old thought roaming,  
At a random touch  
Of memory homing.

The first of England  
These eyes to fill  
Was the lifted proud head  
Of that blue hill.

His mind is searching the very essence of the country in such lines as:

I know how the shower-light  
Touches grey spires  
In the slumbrous bosom  
Of the elmy shires;

And lying on warm thyme  
Watched, at the sheer  
Black cliff, the grand waves  
Lunge and rear,

When the whole Atlantic  
Amassed recoils,  
And in indolent thunder  
Bursts and boils.

His memory of the countryside familiar in childhood carries him back to the spot from which he started:

They come over the mind  
When the world-noise is still,  
As to me comes the vision  
Of one blue hill,

Beautiful, dark,  
And solitary;  
The first of England  
That spoke to me.

It is a poem of association that will endear the poet to his readers. Patrick Chalmers' "A Faun in February" is a fantasy equally steeped in the magic of spring:

The rain in a drizzle  
Swept through the tree-tops,  
A faun with a whistle—  
Small faun with a whistle  
Sat in the cold copse  
The morning saluting,  
Brown, bare and blue-eyed,  
And forth went his fluting,  
On woods wet and wide,  
On woods far and wide.



His face it was ruddy  
And wet with the rain,  
His goat hooves were muddy,  
Hock high he was muddy  
From Choke-a-cow Lane:  
His red hair was crinkly,  
His horns crinkly too,  
And little and twinkly  
Were notes that he blew,  
The notes that he blew.

The poem is a long one, but it does not contain a single weak or bad line.

The prose might easily have been better. Mr. Galsworthy's contribution suffers from being too much stressed, with images heaped up one on top of the other like a haystack. He has forgotten the virtue of *sancta simplicitas*. Maurice Hewlett's "An Invitation to Wiltshire" is the sort of thing that one does not care to criticise, as it was written only a few days before he died. It is painful to find him envying the neighbouring county of Dorset its Barnes and its Hardy and taking "our Hudson" to his heart without a word about the native who was the rarest spirit of them all—Richard Jefferies. Clemence Dane is at her cleverest in "Shakespeare and the English Spring." The end of it is more than clever and amusing; it is a critical pearl of great price:

Who is Shakespeare, what is he?  
Arthur de Vere? Francis Bacon? A syndicate of nobles?  
A solar myth?

Why certainly and of course! Let us agree that he is anyone and everyone save and excepting Will Shakespeare of Stratford! Let us crack the nutshell in which he has been so long bounded, let us release our Ariel by naming his name! Which anagram do you favour? What is your pet clue? Mine is Henry VIII, Act 3, Scene 1. I can't think how you've all overlooked it!

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring."

Now who on earth could Shakespeare have been singing about except himself?

W. H. Davies also contributes prose, and, to our thinking, it is the best prose in the volume. His story of "the aggressive little bantam man I once met between St. Albans and Luton," and that of another tramp are marked by the fun and frolic that come naturally to the season. The second one was a warrior who boasted that "I have enough foreign blood in my veins to make myself dangerous, if anyone tries to take a liberty with me." That very night a skirmish arose in the common lodging-house in which every inmate had to take a part. But "This new friend of mine, instead of bristling like a porcupine, vanished as mysteriously as a butterfly—a butterfly that has not been seen to leave the open light. Yet, he not only vanished, but did not even have enough courage to return after the skirmish was over, and claim his bed, which he had already paid for."

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "St. Mary-in-the-Marsh" is good in its way, but lacks the laughter which we can see twinkling in the eyes of Mr. Davies.

Of the spring pictures the best is the simplest. It is that of a heavily thatched and very characteristic Wiltshire farm, a simple thing, but perfectly done. Another, an absolute transcript from country life, is that of the needy knife-grinder, a grizzled Bohemian with a face full of poaching and other kinds of devilment, working his treadmill in front of the Jolly Farmer public-house, while respectability incarnate looks on from under a billy-cock hat!

P. A. G.

"Green-Kirtled Spring, by N. Graham Smith. (Elkin Mathews, 25s.)

The Seasons in Wood and Valley, by E. M. Williams. (Duckworth, 6/-.)

THE beauty of Hampshire, with its great copses and wind-swept commons, has inspired yet another work of art in *The Seasons in Wood and Valley*. Even the average person is affected superficially by the mystery of the woods or the grandeur of mountains, but, either through lack of opportunity or of patience, they have not explored the world of nature which this book reveals. Here, if anywhere, the ideal of harmony between the physical, mental and spiritual is attained. In the words of Richard Jefferies, "the eye sees . . . the mind deliberates . . . the soul understands. . . ." It is as though one were shown, reflected in an enchanted pool, the changing beauties of the seasons, the vigour of spring full of the flutter of wings, the brightness of summer, the serenity of autumn, and the rich winter colours of the forest. It is easy to feel, as the writer puts it, that "the spirit of the New Forest binds with strong cords the soul of the nature lover who once yields himself to her charm and for a space lies down within the circle of her influence and rises up each day to walk through the green paths which are the aisles of her sanctuary. . . ." He may wander from it, but always "he will be drawn back to the silence and solitude of the deep forest ways." The varied details of wild life are handled with a tenderness and delicacy, and each little anecdote of the ways of animal, bird or insect makes us feel a delightful intimacy and sympathy with these elusive creatures. We read of an æsthetic starling which collected daffodils from the garden to adorn its nest,

of the pugnacity of the chaff-chaff or willow-wren, which delight in bullying and teasing any birds small enough to submit to their persecution. Flowers and trees hidden away in the heart of the forest are disclosed in their natural luxuriance. There are descriptions of rare birds, such as the hoopoe and the Dartford warbler, of the adder which neatly sheds his skin, and of the gaily coloured butterflies which frequent the common. Out of this subtle texture, adorned everywhere with the rich colouring of the woods, is created a picture which expresses the very spirit of this country beloved of all naturalists. The human inhabitants of this land are also remembered in quaint little stories which show how far they are from the ordinary life of towns and villages. The people who live "on the Forest" know nothing of modern progress and up-to-date fashions. "They are content to rest quietly on their own plot of ground and eat the labour of their hands in peace and sober cheerfulness." They have endless opportunities of getting close to Nature and surprising some of her secrets. Hurdle-makers and woodmen, shepherds and keepers become a part of the life of the woods, their very clothes mellowed by wind and weather to harmonise with the colour scheme of the natural world. Their speech, too, is distinctive, and many words and phrases are peculiar to the district. "The word 'charm' is often used in Hampshire to describe a medley of sound. . . . If the hedges are full of whitethroats, chaffinches, robins and dunnocks singing their hearts out, the birds are 'all of a charm right along the lane.' Or they speak of the 'charm of the cow-bells,' when they refer not to the beauty of it, but to the sound itself. There is a quaint tale which illustrates the humour of the Hampshire peasant. A stranger working on the Forest was bewildered by the bleating of the snipe. He could not see any sheep about, and so made enquiries. His fellow-workmen told him that they were surprised that he had not heard of the flying Nanny goats that lived in the Forest. "He sort of drew back and said he thought he'd better clear out, such things didn't seem natural; and that was the last that was seen of him in these parts." The description of the friendly robins which covered with leaves the body of the solitary traveller ends the book on a reflective note which is in perfect keeping with the stillness of mid-winter. F. S.

The Drama of the Law, by His Honour Judge Parry. (T. Fisher Unwin, 21/-.)

JUDGE PARRY has an hereditary connection with dramatic cases, for his father was Serjeant Parry, a famous advocate, who prosecuted the Claimant in the Tichborne trial and defended Dr. Smethurst. Both these cases appear in Judge Parry's book, together with a number of others which are all briskly and entertainingly told. According to his taste in crime and mystery the reader can take his choice. If he likes an honest, full-blooded murder he can read the Sandford case and wonder whether Jessie McLachlan really battered Jessie McPherson to death in her kitchen or whether she only looked on in terror while a virtuous old gentleman of eighty-seven did it. If he likes female poisoners, there is Mrs. Maybrick; if a mild and bloodless forger is more to his taste, there is William Roupell; if he prefers his law merely farcical, there is Whistler v. Ruskin, or Mrs. Foxby, who was sentenced to the ducking stool for being a common scold and, alas! managed to escape that punishment. And, of course, there is that truly great man, Charles Peace, who *must* be read. He only shot at policemen when they were, as he said, so "obstinate" as not to let him "do what he came to do and get away." Surely that would be enough to "nettle" even the mildest-tempered burglar.

Far Eastern Jaunts, by Gilbert Collins. (Methuen, 10/6.)

MR. GILBERT COLLINS is a humorist, and his travel book exhibits the light touch which might be expected from him. It is in Japan and China that he has travelled, casting a lambent eye upon the customs of the countries and watching, out of the corner of it, for the foibles of his European fellow-travellers. This book is not of the iconoclastic order; we are allowed to go on comfortably believing in the Japan of cherry blossom and demure little geishas. It is particularly interesting to read, in the study of Japan, an account of a film witnessed by the author in Shimonoseki. Apparently, the Japanese, in absorbing our western craft of the film, have brought to it the spirit of their exquisite and ancient art and transmuted it into something essentially Japanese. The plot described is a simple one in which a magic bat interferes in the life of the daughter of a Samurai, but even as recounted it conveys something of the effect of a Japanese painting. Serious questions are by no means avoided in the book, and it would have its value as a guide for other travellers. An interesting passage describes a Japanese wrestling exhibition and another the *Shika no tsuno-kiri*, or horn cutting of the deer, where deer are pursued on foot in an arena until they are brought to their knees for the operation.

#### SOME NEW NOVELS RECEIVED.

A MAN IN THE ZOO, by David Garnett. (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) A delightful short excursion into fantasy which will become a legend of the Zoo and make it a different place for all readers.

THE COLOUR LINE, by Helen Moeller. (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.) A story of the Pacific Islands, turning on love between a white man and a white woman and their attitude towards the Kanka girl who is the mother of his children.

LIFTING MIST, by Austin Harrison. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) A boy's experiences at one of the big public schools.

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) The problem of dark woman and white man and their children's children in South Africa.

THE CALL, by Edith Ayrton Zangwill. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) A very well told story of a modern girl.

THE BLACK SOUL, by Liam O'Flaherty. (Cape, 7s. 6d.) The story of a man mentally and physically shattered by the war, in the setting of wild Inverara and the sea.

RACE, by William McFee. (Secker, 7s. 6d.) By the author of "Command."

THE HOUSE OF BROKEN DREAMS, by Christine Jope-Slade (Nisbet, 7s.) An enjoyable novel of the less disturbing sort.

ORDEAL, by Dale Collins. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) Being by the author of "Sea-Tracks of the Speejaacks," there is plenty of salt water in this story and realistic salt water at that.

THE SEA-WOLF'S HOARD, by Vernon Williams. (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) This is a pleasantly told mystery story which offers quite good entertainment.

## CORRESPONDENCE

PROTECTING BIRDS IN THE  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In these days, when a great number of people take interest in the founding of sanctuaries for the preservation of bird life, I think it is fascinating to recall the means adopted towards the same end in a more primitive state of society. I have been reading "The Memoirs of an American Lady," by Mrs. Ann Grant, published in 1808. In it she describes the country house of the famous Schuyler family: the steps leading up to a large portico, floored like a room, open at the sides, and with lattice work, covered with wild vine overhead. A small shelf was built all round the top, on which hundreds of small birds built their nests. This was designed for their special protection; they were out of reach of "children and slaves," and were looked upon as good genii. She writes: "It is only by protecting, and in some sort domesticating, these little winged allies who attack them (the insects 'numerous beyond belief') in their own element, that the conqueror of the lion and tamer of the elephant can hope to sleep in peace, or eat his meals unpolluted." She describes how the birds glide fearlessly over the breakfast table, carrying tit-bits for their young, or brush past a human being without ceremony. Deal fences surrounded the orchard, the hay fields and the garden, and the poles were stuck up at intervals, crowned with the skeleton heads of horses or cattle. These also were provided for the accommodation of the many small birds, for the jaws were fixed on the pole, with the skull uppermost, and so an orifice was left too small to admit even the hand of a child, but quite large enough for the wren, who lined the pericranium with twigs and horsehair, and then could lay its eggs in security. The negroes did everything to encourage their feathered friends, nailing up numerous old hats to the outside wall of the kitchen. Oftentimes thirty or forty birds would be nesting in these queer domiciles. When the ground was cleared for building, one tree was always left in the middle of the back yard in those old colonial days. It was carefully pollarded at midsummer, when the branches were full of sap. Wherever a branch had been, a small hole developed, and inside that hole a bird was sure to have set up house-keeping.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

## LITTER AND THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In cordial support of your remarks on this subject, may I say that experience in other countries shows that public opinion can be educated to the point of the elimination of litter being recognised as a point of honour on the part of the holiday-maker? On one of the lesser peaks in Switzerland last summer I fell in with a joyous party of young students (who, incidentally, made the surrounding mountains echo with a chorus more melodious

than I fear a corresponding party of English lads would have known how to produce!), and it was pleasant to see how one of the party was told off to collect every scrap of paper, after lunch, and not to leave the spot until it had all been burnt and the ashes carefully stamped out.—J. E. MONTGOMERY.

## NAPLES AT NIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

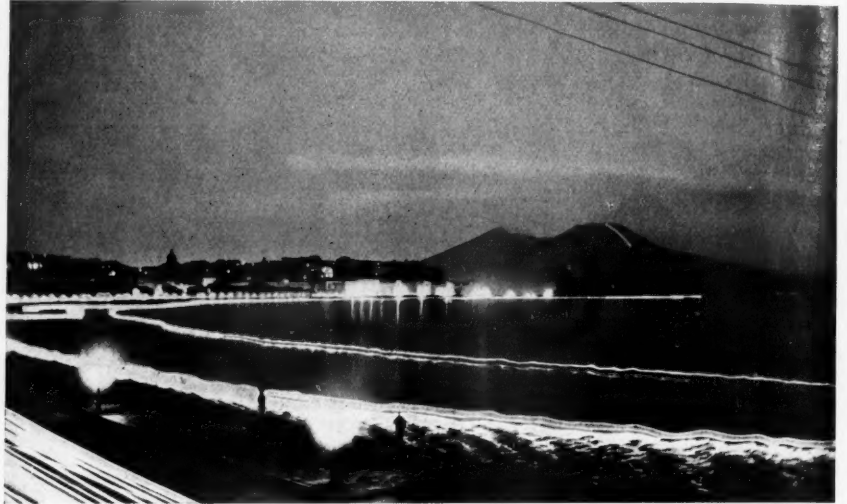
SIR,—I send you what I think is an interesting night photograph of Naples. It was taken with

his hand on a Devon trout stream. I took the photograph originally for an exhibition at the Flyfishers' Club.—R. T. W. W.

## A PLEA FOR THATCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for April 26th there appears a "Plea for Thatch," by "F. W.," which must appeal to all lovers of our attractive old villages, and is of especial interest to myself. Realising that the old



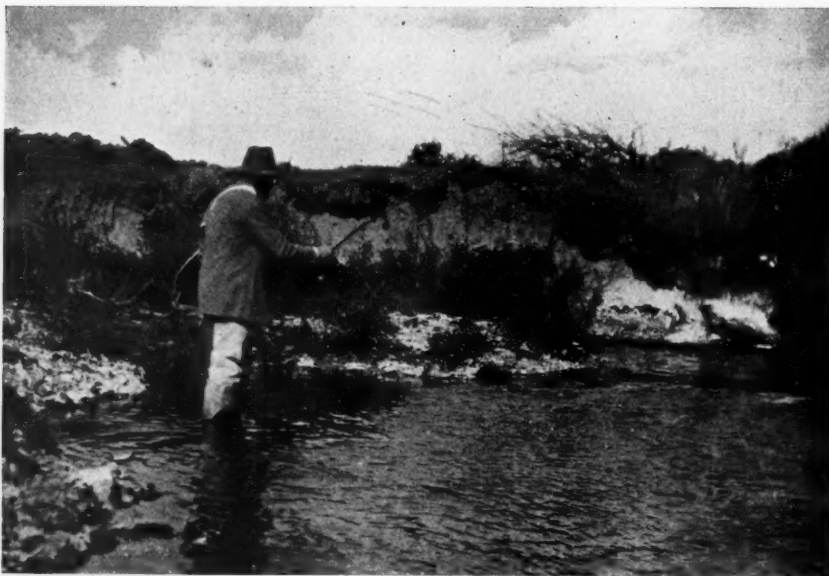
THE LIGHTS OF NAPLES.

an exposure of two and a half hours. The bright streaks in the bottom left-hand corner are the head lights of passing motor cars. The two wavy lines on the water are made by strong acetylene lamps attached to the bows of fishing boats which are out after octopus. The octopus shows up as a white patch on the sea floor and is caught with a long spear. At the junction of the fishing boat's tracks is the Via Caracciolo with Santa Lucia, blazing with lights, to the right and beyond that the Castel dell' Uovo juts out into the bay. The line of lights running from the summit of Vesuvius is that of the lamps on Cook's Funicular Railway.—C. WATNEY.

## A FISHING PHOTOGRAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to see this photograph. It shows Mr. G. E. M. Skues, the well known author of "Minor Tactics on a Chalk Stream," "The Way of a Trout with a Fly," etc., trying



THE WAY OF A FISHERMAN WITH A FLY.

method of thatching was becoming out of date, I have attacked the problem from the other point of view, and for several years past I have made a thorough study of the possibilities of machine-made thatch, with such success that I have been able to build up a local industry for that purpose. In establishing this industry I am not working merely for my own benefit, but with the objects of (1) giving employment to ex-Service men, (2) providing a good market for home-grown straw, and (3) preserving with economy and in an up-to-date manner the charm of the thatched roofs. "F. W.'s" idea of machine-prepared thatch probably is confined to the breaking of the straw reed by passing it through a threshing machine. By my method the straw is cleaned without being broken, and it is then made up into strips or mats of ready-made thatch which can be laid by any unskilled farm hand who follows the simple instructions that are sent out with each consignment. The fact that the straw is unbroken and at the same time very tightly compressed in the process of manufacture has the effect of substituting density of material for thickness, thereby allowing a reduction of as much as 60 per cent. in the amount and cost of roof timbers. As to "F. W.'s" figure of 3d. or 4d. per square foot, I must express some surprise. I spent considerable time in Devonshire and Somerset on this subject last month, and my enquiries showed that the average cost for labour and material comes to nearly 8d. per square foot. Apart from the saving in timber, the ready-made method works out at under one-third of that price. "F. W." is undoubtedly right in saying that broken straw has a short life, but many of the old thatchers support my contention that machine-made thatch as produced here will outlive the hand-made form. This must necessarily be a matter of opinion until time gives a decision; but, assuming that we are wrong, the ready-made thatch can be renewed three or even four times over, and will still show a substantial economy. May I add that so far not one complaint has been received by users, either as to price or quality, and many repeat orders have been received. If this matter is of interest to any of your readers, I shall be very pleased to give them further information, but I regret that the limited amount of straw at present on hand will preclude the fulfilment of any large orders until after next harvest, when I hope to complete the installation of new and improved machinery, and to ensure a plentiful supply of suitable straw.—COTSWOLD.



# A LAMENT FOR THE GLORIES OF WELSH FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The curtain is being rung down on the Rugby football season of 1923-24. England has vanquished all her adversaries. Scotland and Ireland, though beaten in turn, proved themselves stout losers, and then we come to Wales. It is about Wales that I am chiefly concerned in this letter. To a Welshman who can remember the days when Wales was the dominant factor in the Rugby world the experience of the past season has indeed been a very bitter pill to swallow. In all her international games Wales has failed and failed lamentably. Records have been broken and traditions have gone. It is true she beat the Frenchmen. An eyewitness told me that the forwards just turned the scale in her favour. I had to ask him "But what of the backs?" and in reply he shook his head. No further comment was necessary. Wales is well supplied with forwards. These men have done their best, but the slowness, the almost childish manœuvring of the men behind have brought all their efforts to nought. A writer in a recent article sought to place the onus upon the backs of the selection committee; but the talent is not there, with the notable exception of Rowe Harding of Swansea and, possibly, Watkins. I took the opportunity when in South Wales to discuss with some of my friends the decline of the standard of the game in Wales, and there was an extraordinary unanimity of opinion. International Rugby football: Wales played 4, lost 3. International Association football: Wales played 3, won 3. In the one case she heads the list in the other she ties for bottom place. It is astonishing the way in which the Association game has caught on in South Wales. Enthusiasm runs high. Great crowds stand in long queues almost from daybreak for ordinary inter-league matches. Young boys from the secondary schools are encouraged to play the Association game. There are no public schools to make up the deficiency. I heard of one young fellow, a nephew of the great Dr. "Teddy" Morgan, who is showing considerable promise. But the star men seem to have gone and there is no new blood to build one's hopes upon. They may come along in time and one fine morning we may read over the breakfast table of the advent of yet another Gwyn Nickalls, Dicky Owen or R. T. Gabe. That will be a great day for Wales, and in the interest of Rugby football as a whole, let us hope it will not be long delayed.—RUGGERITE.

## THE FLY NUISANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have often noticed enquiries in COUNTRY LIFE as to how to keep flies out of the house. A friend of mine, who has been long resident in Egypt (where, of course, the fly nuisance is very serious) tells me that in front of each

window he had hung a fairly fine net of about the fineness of a small-mesh sea-fishing net—not ultra-fine, but rather on the fine side. The net is weighted at the bottom and fastened on one side. From what my friend says the net is of rough-and-ready workmanship, but I am told the flies never go beyond it. I should be glad to hear if any of your readers have tried this method of keeping out the flies in England.—H. E.

## GADWALL IN LANCASHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am informed by one of the shooting tenants that a female gadwall (*Anas streperus*) was shot on Leighton Mass, near Carnforth, North Lancashire, during the past shooting season, 1923-24. Mitchell, in his "Birds of Lancashire" mentions only five records or seven specimens of this duck in Lancashire, the last over thirty-nine years ago. It may be remembered that in COUNTRY LIFE (January 14th, 1922) I recorded the first record of this duck for Westmorland, the specimen being an adult male, which is now in the Kendal Museum.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## THE RARE POLECAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Everywhere in the British Isles the polecat appears to be on the verge of extinction. In 1896, Professor Lydekker remarked in his work on the British Mammalia: "In England, owing to the relentless persecution by gamekeepers, it (the polecat) is one of those species fast approaching extinction, being now but rarely met with in most of the southern and midland counties." However, there have been certain spots in which this rather handsome but very destructive carnivore has managed to hold out longer than elsewhere. Mr. Douglas England, writing in 1912, stated: "A few years back I had no difficulty in procuring live specimens from the Fen Country." As to the survival of this species in the more thickly wooded districts of Nottinghamshire, so far as I can ascertain, many years have elapsed since it was of frequent occurrence here. In 1910, a specimen was killed by two large dogs and their master in a low-lying meadow just outside Workop. This example was examined by a competent naturalist. An acquaintance tells me that he saw a polecat in a coppice near Heanor, Derbyshire, early in 1915. I have a further record of an individual of this species having been observed, but not caught, in a village within the New Forest area. This was some time during either 1918 or in the year following.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORIX.

## A DOCTOR'S SIGNBOARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an early 17th century doctor's signboard, which is preserved at the Royal College of Surgeons. It formerly belonged to the late Mr. Manley Sims, F.R.C.S., and was brought to London from Poole, where, presumably, it had been in use. In the centre of the panel, which is of wood, painted, stands the doctor himself, surrounded by the seven surgical operations: Left—Bleeding; Amputation, Dentistry; Centre—Examination of Urine; Right—Reduction of Dislocation of Shoulder; Examination of Tumour or Breast. The subject of the final scene is uncertain, but it seems to represent "First aid after duelling or fighting." The inscription beneath, translated, signifies: "God created medicine out of the earth and the prudent man will not withhold from it. A.D. 1623." The panel is comparable to some of the highly ornamented overmantels of the West Country. That the craftsman who carved it had an eye for design is shown by the use made of drug jars as a background, and the selection of the only bed-side scene to surmount the centre panel.—ÆSCULAP.

## SEEING PETER PAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the war—some time in 1916—I was asked by a young Australian soldier at St. Dunstan's, Signaller Edward Penn, if



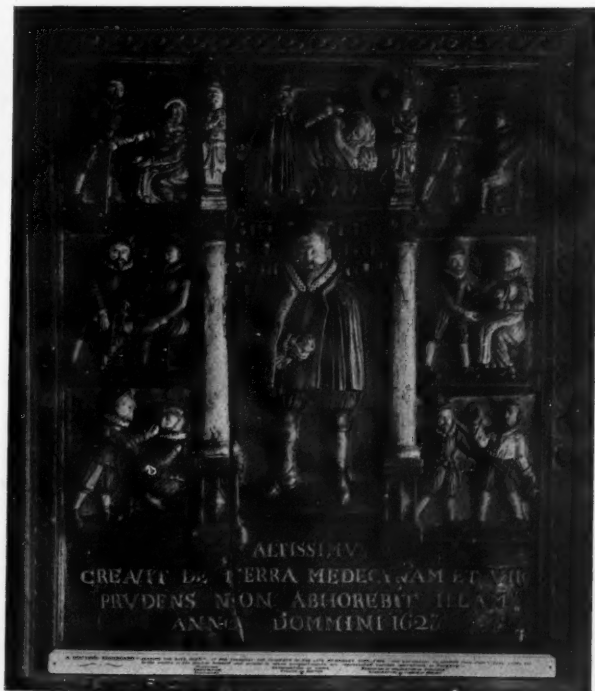
WHAT THE BLIND MAN SAW.

I would take him out the following Sunday. "You know," he said, "I'm to return to Melbourne in a week or two, and I simply must see Peter Pan before I go." We always said "see" at St. Dunstan's, it seemed to help somehow. Penn was just twenty, 6ft. 2ins., and a lion for strength. He had one of the finest characters I have ever known, rigid in his ideas of what was right, and he had enough determination to fit out a whole platoon. He was blinded in Gallipoli when he went ashore from one of the first boats to reach that ill-starred landing place. When he made his request to me, Penn had been at St. Dunstan's about eighteen months, and was expecting his boarding notice at any moment, his training as a masseur having been completed. The following Sunday we started out. It was rather early, I remember, with not many people about. It was full summer, and the grass was green and springy, and the gardens had everywhere the wonderful blue haze that seems ever to linger there among the trees. We walked through from the Notting Hill Gate entrance, the only true one to visit Peter Pan. When we reached the statue Penn put his hand upon it. "Why," he said, "its smaller than I thought, I shall know it all." Very carefully, with the delicacy of touch his training taught him, he felt it piece by piece with little murmurs of delight. "Just look at this tiny mouse," he would say. "See this lovely little fairy, why she is stretching up to speak to him." Then, again, "You are quite sure that I am not missing anything?" Indeed, I thought he was taking in more than many a man with sight. He was very intent on this examination, but at last he was satisfied that nothing had escaped him. He turned to me and whispered, "Surely there are a lot of people near us?" As a matter of fact, there were, but I had hoped he would not notice. They had stopped as they passed, seeing this tall young Australian soldier finger so carefully the statue that all London knows and loves so well. He was so obviously blind and just as obviously as full of sap and strength and vigour as the trees that grew above him. I can remember now two women among the little crowd who stood watching in silence with the tears running down their cheeks. "Ah, well," he said as we turned away, "I don't wonder it draws a crowd, it's one of the loveliest things I have ever seen. I shall be glad to think of it when I am back in Australia." —A. S.

## RUBBISH HEAPS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In order to do away with rubbish heaps the best thing is to set up a destructor and burn all up, when the residue may be used as manure or as road-mending slag.—JUBA.



THE SURGEON AND THE SEVEN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

# THE DETHRONEMENT OF THE DERBY FAVOURITE

A TRIUMPH FOR THE GOOD LITTLE ONE

WITHOUT having even set eyes on him, the public had taken all on trust where Lord Woolavington's colt, Tom Pinch, was concerned, and for the Craven Stakes he had all the advantages in the matter of weight that favoured the maiden performer, the horse that had never won a race, and, therefore, escaped being penalised while qualifying for the allowance conceded to such horses. Thus for the race last week, Arcade, in Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's colours (the colt that brought about Mumtaz Mahal's only defeat last year), and Lord Rosebery's Parmenio had each to give away 10lb., plus the maiden allowance of 5lb. Now, neither Arcade nor Parmenio has been regarded as at the top of the tree, and it followed that if Tom Pinch could not beat them at the weights he must automatically fall far from grace. He did, as a matter of fact, finish in front of both of them, but he could not beat at level weights a colt of Lord Manton's—St. Germans—that was out four times last season without winning a race. In view of what the latter succeeded in doing now, it will be of interest to examine his two year old career more closely.

Altogether there were a dozen runners for the race last Friday, including Arausio, a Sunstar colt that also had to concede the 15lb. to the maidens. The interest in Tom Pinch was immense. Well known racing men and women hung around the box into which he was taken to be saddled. It was clear that Fred Darling, his trainer, did not wish to give him any cause for being upset. The jockey, Archibald, mounted him in the box, and when the colt emerged he did, as a matter of fact, reveal himself as exceptionally imposing, moulded on a very big scale. He stands now between sixteen and seventeen hands, and what all must have noted about him was his fine bloodlike head and neck. He has, too, a grand back and quarters, but, looking below, you could unquestionably fault him. There was that "legginess" revealed about which I have written in a previous issue. You noted, too, the suggestion of straightness in front, and you would say that this is not the conformation to act on the inclines and declines of Epsom. However, it was impossible to get away from the impression that he is an imposing colt.

His action, too, was of the right sort, as he showed it in the canter to the post, but I certainly did not like the way he pulled at his jockey. That was the first hint we had that there might not be a perfect understanding between them. It showed over-excitement, the outcome, no doubt, of this first experience of racing and the racecourse. What a contrast was St. Germans! Small, lop-eared, unpretentious and unassuming, you could not imagine this one beating such a flashy and imposing individual as Tom Pinch. We know that the latter had done such things in private as had caused his clever young trainer to regard him as a high-class colt. We had seen the stable companion in the same ownership, Despatch, win the Wood Ditton Stakes on the preceding day, and, personally, I could not conceive of the little one beating the one that had been making the big noise. Yet it was to be, as I shall show.

Parmenio I liked very much indeed. He is a medium-sized colt by Tracery, showing all the quality and poise that the sire seems to give to his best stock. His trainer told me that he would not be at all surprised to see him win, so well had he done since his two year old days. He certainly was not over-awed by the candidature of the *débutant* from Beckhampton. Arcade, too, has a lot of quality, and, again, he is a son of Tracery, but Mr. de Rothschild's charming colt is slightly undersized, though to nothing like the extent that St. Germans is. His Majesty's Knight of the Garter was not among the runners. He makes a re-appearance for the Two Thousand Guineas next week, as also, presumably, will Bright Knight, belonging to the owner of St. Germans.

It was general knowledge that the Manton trainer, Alec Taylor, considerably fancied St. Germans. He was second favourite at 100 to 30, while Tom Pinch was at evens, and we may assume, therefore, that the colt had done well in his gallops just prior to going to Newmarket. None was more conspicuous in the race than Tom Pinch. There he was in the centre of the field with his jockey sitting up and trying to hold him back to the others. There was no change as the furlongs slipped by, and I began to wonder whether any horse could still have sufficient in reserve for a finish after losing so much energy by pulling. One thing was sure: he could not possibly be racing properly in such circumstances.

At the Bushes, which is rather less than a quarter of a mile from the finish, St. Germans appeared to be quite three lengths behind the leaders. Frank Bullock was showing exemplary patience. As they began the descent into the dip, from which the ground rises to the winning post, St. Germans was rushed to the front. Now it was that Archibald had to sit down and ride his horse, but when he tried to do so the colt appeared to sprawl, either because his action was not suited to the descent, or for the reason that he had become thoroughly unbalanced. Meanwhile, St. Germans had gone to the front, and out of the dip he led by three lengths. It was astonishing and I certainly could hardly believe my eyes.

Directly the big colt met the rising ground he strode out for the first time as a racehorse should do, and to such good purpose did he make up ground that he was only beaten by a length and half for first place. Parmenio was a good third, and on the form as it stands is a 10lb. better horse than Tom Pinch, and slightly better than the winner. Close up was Arausio, who had been very little fancied, and a very moderate horse named Pasha, whose fourth race it was since the season opened. Now this tells us that the form was all wrong. Certainly it is not the form of classic horses, and I simply cannot accept it. Tom Pinch must be capable of far better things, and I shall expect him to run a different horse in the Two Thousand Guineas.

It is obvious, of course, that if Bright Knight be appreciably better than St. Germans, then he is going to have a fine chance of winning the classic races. I am by no means certain that he is, though we may continue to hold the belief until evidence to the contrary be forthcoming.

On another occasion, when a 6 to 4 on chance, St. Germans was only third to Salmon Trout and Windward for the Prendergast Stakes, all at level weights. This year we have seen Salmon Trout badly beaten at Newbury, and Windward could only finish third to Despatch for the Wood Ditton Stakes last week. St. Germans, therefore, has come on a lot. Prior to his failure against Salmon Trout St. Germans had been twice unplaced. He is in the Two Thousand Guineas next week, and were he not to run we should not need to ask any questions about Bright Knight. He would, of course, be accepted as being appreciably the better. On the other hand, were he to be saddled we should be left guessing, and after what was seen last week the little colt would not lack for admirers. Lord Astor has frequently run more than one horse in an important race, and who can blame him? After all the object is to win the race. Had he not also run Saltash for the Eclipse Stakes last summer it is certain that he would not have won that rich prize, as Bold and Bad, presumed to be the better, proved wholly undependable.

We may assume that the Aga Khan will also run two for the classic race next week—Diophon and Salmon Trout.

I am very anxious to see Diophon in public again. We had a view of him in the paddock at Newbury recently, but not in that race for the Greenham Stakes which Greenfire just won from Caravel. The three of them are in the Two Thousand Guineas, but my distinct preference, based on what we knew last year, is in favour of Diophon. We saw that he had grown well, and as he, like Salmon Trout, looked backward, I expect he has done a lot of work in the interval. I shall not discard him until proof is forthcoming that he has failed to hold that supremacy which was his when racing ended last year. He is ideally built for the Epsom course, and we have seen how very efficient he is at Newmarket, so that there will be no excuses in the event of failure on that score. Salmon Trout will have to do infinitely better than at Newbury if he is to have any chance at all. Surely Diophon is the better as between this pair of stable companions.

Knight of the Garter's return to the racecourse is awaited with a keenness which is well understood, bearing in mind that his jockey will have the honour of carrying the King's colours. That jockey, it is said, is likely to be H. Beasley, a strong and most efficient rider. The policy of putting up such a rider of strength and experience, *vice* the boy Wragg, who holds a retainer to ride for the King, is most sound, and in this matter His Majesty was most wisely advised. I sincerely hope the colt will do well, even to the point of winning. We have to recognise that he has to be relatively better than he was last year, and he will need to have stamina, but then he is by Son-in-Law, another of whose progeny, the Juggernaut-like Hobgoblin, won the Spring Stakes for Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, beating the much fancied Derby candidate, Donzelon, who utterly failed in an attempt to concede a lot of weight. Donzelon can take the field again next week, and no doubt will do so. He, like Tom Pinch, will do ever so much better next time.

It is said that Mr. Jack Joel has one appreciably better than Greenfire in Defiance, a colt by The Tetrarch from Bright. If that be so he can, indeed, be offered congratulations now. Presumably Lord Rosebery will be represented by Parmenio rather than Donnottar, and where the first named is concerned I cannot add anything to the complimentary references made above. His prospects are bright. Druid's Orb has not done well, and is not likely to run. Mumtaz Mahal is in reserve for the One Thousand Guineas on Friday, though the renowned grey filly will have doughty opponents in Plack, Straitlace and Blue Lake. The classic race for the fillies is going to be unusually interesting, but I shall remain loyal to Mumtaz Mahal. However, it is necessary to give some opinion as to the probable outcome of the Two Thousand Guineas, and I am constrained to couple Diophon with Tom Pinch. I know many will thoroughly disagree with me as to the choice of the latter, but I am sure we shall see a far different Tom Pinch next week.

PHILIPPOS.





**T**WO factors determined the design of this house—the site, high up on sandy ground, with silver birches all around, and the client's desire for a long, low house clothed with elm-boarding and roofed with reed thatch. The result, as the illustrations show, is delightful. Nothing could suit the site better, for elm and thatch are in the happiest companionship.

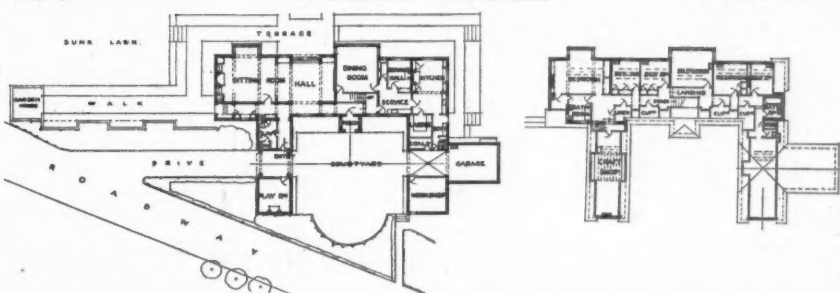
The house is planned with the approach on the north side, and all the rooms face due south, overlooking a beautiful piece of Surrey countryside. There is no garden in the ordinary sense, for the site does not call for one, nestled as it is among the gorse and the woodland; but along the south front of the house a terrace extends, and is continued by a paved walk on the east to a gazebo. The walk is backed by a thatched wall, making it a veritable sun path, with a seat ensconced in the centre of its length; but the wall serves also as a screen, giving privacy from the approach. There is a courtyard on the north side of the house, and the entry to it is through an archway formed in the wing seen in the upper illustration on this page. On the opposite side of the courtyard is a balancing wing, with a second archway leading through to the garage and covered washing space. Centrally placed is the porch, which opens into a corridor that gives access to the



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ENTRANCE APPROACH.

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SOUTH FRONT.

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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

living-rooms and the service quarters. The client's wish was for one really big living-room which could be divided into two portions when desired, making a hall and a sitting-room. This division has been ingeniously effected by a counterbalanced partition that can be raised like a sash, disappearing entirely into a space provided between the bedrooms above. In the portion which becomes a hall when the partition is pulled down a further transformation can be effected, for it has a roft, opening filled with steel casements which can be folded back on either side, thus giving an unobstructed view of the prospect beyond. In this way all the advantages of an open loggia are gained without any of the discomforts of such a place.

The floors and walls are finished in oak, the walls being panelled. The disappearing partition is panelled like the rest, and when in position it gives no suggestion that it is not part and parcel of the four walls. When the whole space is clear an admirable room for dancing is provided. At one end is an open fireplace—the only one in the house, and, to save labour even with this one fireplace, an ash chute is provided in the hearth, in the American manner. This ash chute delivers down into the heating chamber, where coke-fired boilers are the source of heating for the radiators liberally distributed throughout the house, and for the hot-water supply.

At the opposite end of the living-room is the dining-room. It is on a slightly higher level than the main floor, and can be curtained off when desired. Adjoining it are the service quarters, planned and equipped in the most modern fashion, as the plan serves to indicate.

About one point the client was obdurate, inasmuch as he had made up his mind that there should be no plaster inside; hence the oak panelling throughout, and the ceilings formed with fibre board. Ceilings so formed involve the use of wood cover strips along the lines of jointing. They are inevitable, but they give cause for criticism, because they create a feeling of sham half-timber. Their compensating merits are that they eliminate the plasterer, are speedy in erection, and leave the house bone-dry from the very beginning.

The first floor provides six good bedrooms, each having a hot and cold water fitment; and there are two excellently fitted bathrooms. Cupboards in abundance are also provided.

In one of the northerly wings the upper floor space has been utilised for home craftsmanship. The corresponding space in the other wing is at present used for storage, but could be apportioned to further bedrooms, if desired. The children have their playroom on the ground floor in the little room that is cut off by the entry, and the owner's workshop is accommodated next the garage, in a corresponding position.

On the west side of the house a hard tennis court has been laid down, easily accessible but fairly concealed, and near by is a windmill which generates electricity in a manner that is certainly economical, and has so far, I believe, proved quite satisfactory.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



# SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

## GAME STOCKS PLENTIFUL.

THE mild turn in the weather which began with the Easter holiday will have done much to bring the game season programme level with the calendar. Herbage has been very late in making a start on the hedge banks, while the corn fields have only just become carpeted in green. A series of journeys in Norfolk has revealed, wherever preservation is seriously conducted, an excellent stock of birds; though, naturally, on the areas which have passed out of control by a landlord there is a marked difference in the number of breeding pairs to be seen about. Wild pheasants are likewise to be seen everywhere. Both in husbandry and game a delayed start is better than one characterised by exceeding earliness; for the last-named usually implies a set-back at a moment when uninterrupted progress is all-important. Hares, in the places which are still able to extend them the necessary protection, are very much in evidence, while quantities of well grown young rabbits suggest that a vigorous second generation is certain. As is usual, therefore, in a year when premonitions of spring have been long withheld the waking-up process has been rapid in proportion to the delay. So long a period as we have experienced of persistent east wind conditions, with their usual drought accompaniment, almost of necessity implies dominance of south-westerly breezes during the months to come. Everything should accordingly be right for the nesting period, the same to be followed later by a genial opening of the true summer season when chicks are due to appear. In the course of my peregrinations I had a long chat with an enthusiast on partridges whose diary of the past quarter-century is a living story of the progress of this interesting bird on a typical bit of good light soil. His experience is that, do what you will, they have their ups and downs, and, further, that these ups and downs are not the jerks of single seasons but nearly always cycles whose time is two, three or four years. According to his judgment we have been through a cycle of bad years, and a turn for the better is now due. My own observation suggests that the material is present for utilising to the full whatever favours the coming months may have in store, and that is as much as cautious optimism may say at the moment.

## "COUNTRY LIFE" COMPETITION

Mr. L. H. Becher Shand writes: "May I be allowed to make one suggestion in regard to your School Miniature Rifle Shooting Competition? It is that you should ask for the words of the actual Fire Orders given in the landscape target shooting to be sent to you and that you should publish a selection of them. It would be quite easy for them to be recorded by some spectator of the firing, and target indication is such an interesting study that it would be most valuable to know what actually proved effective—and the reverse!"

## TESTING SOME TRADE CARTRIDGES.

That 70 per cent. patterns are not impossible of attainment is sufficiently shown by the comprehensive test which is recorded below. On the occasion of my recent visit to Messrs. Nobel's Waltham Abbey factory I supplemented one of my small and troublesome orders for miscellaneous cartridge components by a request for one 25-box each of the leading proprietary brands there turned out. Whether in view of the searching attention to which they would be subjected they received any special care in production cannot be said, but that the loader ensured in each cartridge the exact 289 pellets which ranks as 1 1-16oz. of No. 6 size of shot I was able to satisfy myself by counting. Since neither Nobel's nor anyone else can, in my judgment, load a cartridge so as to produce exceptionally good displays of patterns, the test to which they were subjected must represent the standard article. True, pattern can be improved by lowering velocity and, maybe, also by the use of very hard shot, but as neither of these means had been utilised, the general constitution of the loads may be accepted as normal. The gun chosen for the work had one of those long and almost invisible tapers to the choke which knowledgeable folk are gradually beginning to realise afford maximum control over the spread. On the assumption that the charge is expanded in the cartridge to a diameter much larger than the 12-bore of the barrel the entry had been ground out to a diameter of about .75 in., then tapering down to the .730 in. bore of this particular barrel in the course of about three inches. Usually this "leade" (viz., the taper beyond the cone), is much shorter, as a rule less than an inch long, while frequently it is altogether absent. Perhaps even better conditions for transferring the shot charge from cartridge to barrel and imparting to it the early increments of its velocity could be attained by considerably lengthening this second taper, say, to six or nine inches. The ordinary practice, especially in best guns, is to realise an absolute parallelism of bore right away from the "leade" and continue it till the choke is approached. Quite possibly, so parallel a bore is bad, this on the assumption that attrition may remove some of the wad substance during passage along the barrel, hence a progressive tightening of the fit might afford valuable compensation. This

much by way of preliminary is necessary to explain the gun aspects of the experiment. The cartridges were fired in the order as given and the figures are the pellets in the 30 in. circle at forty yards:

	Noneka	Grand Prix	Eley Smokeless	Acme	Zenith	Pegamoid (repeated)	Noneka
107!	205	225	(88) c.w.	(65) c.w.	191	194	
109!	186	189	221	213	206	204	
101!	126!	232	211	204	204	204	
180	215	232	220	193 bbb	169!	206	
205	220	214	243	204	190	201	
Average	140	190	218	226	204	192	202
Percentage	48%	66%	75%	78%	71%	66½%	70%

When the shooting began there was every indication of abysmal failure on the part of the barrel to live up to its previous records. Since it was adjusted to its present condition seven 10-shot series had been fired from it, six of them exhibiting one cartwheel pattern which was deleted in computing the average. The percentages were as follow: 70, 71, 66, 72, 68, 72½ and 74. After such exemplary behaviour the Noneka series looked curious, and yet as the shooting proceeded the barrel seemed to settle down to serious work, although no such delay is commonly recognised. One blow-off round to foul the barrel is often fired as a preliminary, but the effect of its omission is not in my experience conspicuous. However, to give these cartridges a second test was ordinary common-sense, and it is a remarkable fact that the series so fired at the tail end of the course exhibits the most regular count, round by round, in the entire list. In the 35 shots recorded there were but two cartwheel patterns, against the accepted average of one in ten, though the deviation is one that needs only passing mention. The fourth round of the Zenith series had three balls comprising about half a dozen pellets in each, but this, though it happens but once in a way, must of necessity be recorded. In case the cartridges were giving less than standard velocity, either on their own account or because the easing of the "leade" had let down the pressure, one of each sort was fired from the same shoulder gun to ascertain velocity in feet-per-second over the usual 20yds. range. In the ordinary way three of each would have been fired, but as the hour was late one had to suffice. The results were as follow:

Noneka	Grand Prix	Eley Smokeless	Acme	Zenith	Pegamoid
1,090	1,074	1,052	1,048	1,093	1,150

Considering that 1,050 f.s. is the standard of all testing stations, the figures registered show a lusty surplus. The Pegamoid result is most decidedly on the tall side, and will merit more detailed repetition at a convenient later opportunity. As I have several times urged on Messrs. Nobel, a demand undoubtedly exists for a cartridge so behaving, but it would have to be labelled accordingly so that sportsmen who are sensitive to recoil or use guns on the light side might know what to expect. At the moment too much point must not be made of a single result, the same remark applying in a lesser degree to that of the Noneka and Zenith rounds.

## SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE RESULTS.

What it all amounts to is a question which naturally occurs when any series of experimental results is presented. Off-hand, there is every suggestion that 70 per cent. patterns, using the standard hardness of shot, which is a trifle soft in these days, are by no means an impossible proposition. Nobody wants such patterns for game shooting, mainly because guns so behaving would miss or wound or smash a large proportion of the birds which a true cylinder would procure in good style. Missing would follow from the inadequate spread of the charge between 10yds. and 25yds.; wounding would result from so many birds catching the ragged edge of the pattern; while smashing would be the fate of those caught in the middle. In conditions where game, whether fur or feather, offers only 35yd. to 45yd. chances, a left barrel so bored would be decidedly useful in expert hands. But the great desideratum about a full choke is that it shall perform regularly from round to round, so enabling the user to employ to the best advantage its increased ranging power. The kind which intermixes cylinder and choke results in about equal proportions had best be bored out parallel to the muzzle. To partial degrees of choke the same remark applies: they must be regular. The mystery of cartwheel patterns from the point of view of cure or prevention is the most baffling of any which faces the gun and cartridge experimentalist. Why once in a way a spread to about double the width of a true cylinder should interpose its presence is a phenomenon which ought to be traceable to its originating source. In the prolonged bout of shooting which has lately engaged my attention I have done my own firing about as often as a companion has shared the task, and although the impression may have been fleeting and vague, there has several times been a decided sense of the uncanny in several of the discharges, this wave of sensation having been confirmed by finding a cartwheel pattern on the plate. The curious action, whatever it may be, happens at the moment of shot emergence from the muzzle.



## OLD MASTERS AT KNOEDLER'S

**T**WO or three masterpieces of the highest order and a number of pictures of great interest are tastefully arranged at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries, 15, Old Bond Street. The finest and rarest treasure now on view is, no doubt, the Claude—a harbour scene, admirably painted and beautifully preserved. Claude was so jealously collected during the eighteenth century, and is so splendidly represented in most collections of a permanent nature, both public and private, that it is not often he is met with in the market these days. And, curiously enough, the prices of his pictures have not gone up in the same proportion as those of many of his contemporaries in other lands, and even of the recent French Impressionists, but are rather lower than they were last century.

Claude does not anticipate modern developments in landscape painting. He is a classic who, once having mastered a certain style, adheres to it, for he knows that the mystery of landscape cannot be revealed by mere tricks of technique. Brilliance of execution can only disturb the deep serenity of sunrise over the sea, or the poetry of evening in the woodlands. Therefore, the impressionistic effects (of which Claude was quite as capable as any modern) were reserved for his drawings and rapid notes taken direct from nature, and were carefully eliminated from the finished picture. The search after ideal beauty and perfect unity of effect was Claude's guiding principle, and any artist looking at this radiant "Harbour Scene" must surely feel that here is a deeper penetration into the significance of landscape,

that the unpretending palate and simple scenic arrangement of a building on the right and masts with sails on the left give more light, more space and atmosphere than all the devices of Turner, Corot or Monet.

Another fine landscape, painted with greater skill (in the treatment of architecture, for instance) and with almost as much feeling for design, though in a more prosaic mood, is a Venetian scene now definitely acknowledged as by Zuccarelli. It shows to what lengths even topographical painting can sometimes hold its own with classical landscape. An interesting comparison may be made between these and Turner's early "Bath Abbey," with its extraordinary topographical fidelity and entire lack of those imaginative qualities which he afterwards allowed to dominate his art.

There are two extremely fine Venetian—or rather, North Italian—portraits, a Moretto and a Cariani. The former, of a member of the Martinengo family, has a simple colour scheme. The man's dress is black, the curtains behind green, and the landscape of a soft jade green hue. The Cariani is particularly interesting for the highly elaborated background of foliage and landscape which adds so much to the magnificence of the general effect.

After the rich colouring of these works, the "Portrait of Elenor of Toledo," by Bronzino, appears doubly cold and severe. The background is black, against which gleams the lady's large pale face, and her white dress embroidered in black and gold. It is, perhaps, too chalky in the flesh painting, but the sumptuous



CLAUDE: HARBOUR SCENE.



Italian brocade of her dress is rendered with marvellous sureness of hand and a fine sense for the decorative unity of the whole. Beside it hangs a portrait of an admiral, by Goya, a splendidly vivid interpretation of character, but treated in a manner not often met with outside Spain. The colours are rich, and arranged in a pattern of sharp contrasts without the usual silvery tone which is so noticeable in his later achievements.

Italian primitives may also be found here in the large and richly gilded "Tobias and the Angel," by Neri di Bicci, and a smaller version of the same subject framed together with another panel by the same artist. They reveal the excellent craftsmanship of Neri, but also his weak drawing and lack of knowledge about the human form.

Two attractive panels by Michele da Verona show how widespread was the influence of Jacopo Bellini's recipe for the painting of rocks and hills in Northern Italy. Their subject is in each case warriors. In one picture they are shown "in the field," defiling in serpentine procession from a Bellinesque rock. In the other they have not got so far, and are yet departing for battle. They are shown bidding their farewells. The latter is the more enjoyable picture—the background is pleasantly modelled, and there is a primitive but real feeling for design in the grouping of the parting figures. These pictures are interesting as coming from Sir Charles Eastlake's collection.

Among the English portraits the most remarkable are Romney's "Mrs. Edward Salisbury and Child," in his drier, early manner, and the richer but less attractive "Benjamin Keen"; an early Reynolds which bears, for once, unmistakable traces of his having been trained in the studio of Hudson; and a charming portrait of two children in white dresses, by John Copley.

M. CHAMOT.



MORETTO: PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF THE MARTINENGO FAMILY.



I ZUCCARELLI: THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DELLA VIGNA.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# SALES COMING AND CONCLUDED

**H**OUSES of importance architecturally and otherwise are found in the lists to be submitted this month, and there are also some uncommonly good opportunities for buyers of fine old furniture and works of art.

The area now for sale in the Burton Manor auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley is 1,875 acres. It is the vendor's intention to have the whole estate submitted at Hanover Square on Wednesday, May 21st, and if any further auction should be necessary it will be held at Chester on Wednesday, June 18th. The Manor, with the exception of certain lands, was purchased from the Church in 1806, by the Congreve family. A stately mansion was erected in the reign of George III, and was the home of the Congreves until early in the present century, when Burton Manor was acquired by Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone of Hawarden. The estate includes, besides the mansion and seventeen farms and small holdings, the whole of the village of Burton, the birthplace in 1663 of Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, author of "Sacra Privata," and other works. Tales of his zealous deeds brought him to the notice of Cardinal Fleury, and with him the bishop found favour, and an order was given from the French Court, that "No privateer should ravage the coast of the Isle of Man"—an edict then of value.

Grendon Hall, Mr. A. E. Skinner's property near Aylesbury, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The area is 160 acres, with the hall, a seventeenth century farmhouse, and cottages. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. acted for the purchaser.

Colonel Sofer Whitburn has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have recently disposed of Addington Park House, near Maidstone, to sell by auction at an early date the remaining portion of the estate, including the Dower House of St. Vincents, finely timbered parklands, farms and sites, the whole having 372 acres.

### FURNITURE SALES.

**TO-DAY** (Saturday) is the final opportunity to view the valuable contents of The Hayes, Kenley, which will be submitted next Monday-Thursday by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on behalf of Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Innes Hopkins. A long reference to the varied and, in many instances, rare furniture and works of art in the house appeared in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on March 8th.

Next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at Quenby Hall, the famous Leicester seat, buyers of fine old furniture and works of art will have another opportunity. Major Owain Greaves, for whom Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are acting, is parting with the four magnificent panels of old Brussels tapestry (hunting scenes) circa 1570, Cromwellian and Jacobean oak, including four fine refectory tables nearly 300 years old, William and Mary and Queen Anne cabinets, and one notably rich example by William Kent, and there are antique Persian carpets and rugs, and a harpsichord dated 1744. The viewing is to-day (Saturday) and next Monday and Tuesday.

Sir Rowland Hodge has instructed the firm to disperse the works of art at Chipstead Place, Sevenoaks next month. The mansion contains Jacobean and Cromwellian oak, William and Mary, Queen Anne and Chippendale work, old French furniture, bronzes and an important collection of paintings, including Queen Elizabeth by Zuccheri and a portrait group, by John Northcote. Modern artists are represented by Tom Mostyn, Frank Brangwyn, Cadogan Cowper, Laura Knight and others, and there is a rare and valuable collection of old prints in colour and two panels of Brussels tapestry.

### A "LUTYENS" SALE NEXT WEEK.

**NEXT** Monday, Nashdom, the Taplow mansion of the late Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, a very interesting example of the work of Sir Edwin Lutyens, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Skardon, Sons and Hosking, on the premises immediately prior to the auction of the valuable furniture and works of art in the house. The freehold is of only 12 or 13 acres, and part of the interest

of the property is the characteristically brilliant and successful manner in which Sir Edwin Lutyens solved problems presented by the smallness of the area around it and the limitations imposed by the contour of the land. Nashdom, a name, by the way, which is Russian for "Our Home," is a house of very ample accommodation.

### STOODLEIGH COURT, DEVON.

**SIR ERNEST GEORGE, R.A.**, was the architect of the Devon mansion, Stoodleigh Court, near Tiverton, which stands in all the beauty of Elizabethan reproduction among grounds of great charm, where an abundance of topiary and similar ornament confers the semblance of antiquity. The spacious park is 800ft. above sea level, and the farms and woodlands make up a total area of 3,830 acres. Good as the shooting undoubtedly is, the chief sporting feature of the estate lies in its possession of four miles of salmon fishing in that glorious river, the Exe. Messrs. Curtis and Henson, in conjunction with Messrs. Rippon, Boswell and Co., will offer Stoodleigh Court by auction in July. Like all the Devon border, Stoodleigh is ideally placed as a centre for stag hunting and fox hunting, for it is near Bampton, known for its pony fair, and the Exmoor township of Dulverton, home of that great sportsman, the late Dr. Palk Collins, author of "The Chase of the Wild Red Deer." Stoodleigh, or, as old maps spell it, "Stoodley," is one of those small border hamlets which the Hon. J. W. Fortescue may have had in mind when he wrote: "The chase of the wild red deer, though the outward demonstrations are not now so marked as formerly, has perhaps even a greater hold on the good people of North Devon and West Somerset at the present day than when the church bells were rung at the death of a good stag, and 'As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase' was sung in the parish church on the first Sunday of the stag-hunting season."

### WHITESTAUNTON MANOR.

**THE** old Jacobean house, Whitestaunton Manor, near Chard, has changed hands through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Robert Love and Sons, since the auction which was held in the autumn. Two miles of fishing are an attraction of this estate of 142 acres, and the whole of the land is high-lying, the house being approximately 600ft. above sea level.

Burnworthy, an old stone manor house near Taunton, and the sporting estate of 530 acres have been sold by Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Villar and Sons; and, jointly with Messrs. A. Rutter and Sons, the former firm has sold Stradishall Place, Suffolk. Their sales include also two farms on the Cheveley estate, near Newmarket; a farm at Costessey; farms in Lincolnshire and on the Witley estate, Worcestershire.

### THE DIAMOND FACTORY.

**APPROPRIATE** prominence is given to an announcement made to-day in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE that the National Diamond Factory at Brighton is for sale at the London Mart on Wednesday, June 18th, by Messrs. Humbert and Flint. It is a freehold in blocks containing a floor space of nearly 100,000ft., and the auctioneers state that the property is adaptable for conversion to any purpose where good light, careful planning for hygienic conditions and great solidity are requisite, so that the possible termination of the use of the premises for workshops for disabled ex-Service men must now be faced. That so promising a scheme for the employment of disabled men should thus soon come to an end cannot be other than a matter of profound regret.

Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer initiated the work in 1917, and it will be recalled now that the success of the scheme at that time seemed doubtful to some experienced diamond polishers, and the governing authorities of the institutions in London which were approached decided that the scheme could not be entertained. On the advice of the Ministry, Mr. Oppenheimer then went to Brighton, and offered the

machinery and instructors to the principal of Brighton Technical College, Dr. Burnie, who became general manager of the work. In July, 1917, a small plant was started in the College, and, Mr. Oppenheimer having obtained confirmation of his belief in the possibilities of diamond polishing for the disabled from the work turned out by the men, bought premises in Lewes Road, Brighton, and also erected additional buildings for the purpose of starting a factory. In 1918 the Ministry of Pensions opened the first block of the works, capable of accommodating about 120 men. The second block was opened in 1919, and a third and last block in 1920.

### BLACKADDER AND HAVERING PARK.

**LADY HOUSTON-BOSWALL** has sold her Georgian mansion of Blackadder and 5,011 acres, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, through the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The house has had a large sum spent upon it in the last three or five years in the modernisation of the lighting, water supply, sanitation and heating, and it occupies a commanding site in a park of 300 acres. The grounds are beautiful, overlooking the Lammermuir and Cheviot ranges, and every variety of British tree is said to flourish within a walking distance of the seat. The farms include fertile holdings of the Merse of Berwickshire.

Havering Park, near Romford, the mansion and 1,550 acres referred to in the Estates Market page on April 12th, has been sold, to clients of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., for £33,000 by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co.

We are asked to mention that, in consequence of foot-and-mouth disease in Essex, the sale of the farm stock at Havering Park has been deferred until Michaelmas by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co.

### FINDON PLACE LEASE.

**ABOUT** 1,100 acres of shooting are included in the lease of Findon Place, four miles from Worthing, which has just been sold by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, to a client of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. It is a place for high-flying pheasants, of which 350 or more are shot in an average year, and there are plenty of partridges and rabbits. Mr. Owen Dunell has directed Messrs. Harrods to sell the contents of Findon Place, on May 13th and following days. It is a nice old Georgian residence, on a high point of the Sussex Downs.

A question asked in the Estate Market page of April 19th about the future of two houses that have been the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE, seems to be answered, as regards St. Leonards Hill, by a note from Messrs. Buckland and Sons, that next Friday they will, with Messrs. Perry and Phillips, offer the mansion with 34 acres, and, if it is not then sold, they will sell the materials for demolition. No catalogue will be issued.

### PARK HALL, OSWESTRY.

**PARK HALL**, near Oswestry, or what remains of the mansion after the fire which occurred during the occupation of the estate by the military authorities, has been sold with 500 acres to a syndicate for development.

Spreakley Hollow, a freehold dating from the sixteenth century, at Frensham, near Farnham, was to be offered at St. James's Square next Tuesday, but has been privately sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, whose private transactions include the sale of Long Mile, Weybridge, a modern house in grounds of 2 acres, with a garage and bungalow. Messrs. Hampton and Sons' list for next Tuesday comprises Fyfield Manor, near Marlborough, a very well known Tudor house with 47 or 107 acres; Holmwood Park, near Wimborne, 51 acres; and a house and nearly two acres on the Carmarthenshire coast at Tenby, commanding views of the Bay and Caldey Island.

The late Mrs. Winnington-Ingram, mother of the Bishop of London, lived at Bickenham, Cavendish Place, Bournemouth, which has been purchased for £2,400 by Mr. G. W. Bailey. Messrs. Fox and Sons acted on behalf of the executors.

ARBITER.